

# The INNIS HERALD



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**AND,**  
**THE AMAZING ARLISE**

**INNIS COLLEGE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO**  
**VOLUME ELEVEN NO. 4**

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**2 SUSSEX AVE., TORONTO ONTARIO CANADA**  
**ESTABLISHED 1965**

It's a pity that the pop - up Santa will not become a tradition at Innis. It seems that 'Rent - a - Casket' has died, and with it all hope of a repeat performance from Captain Claus and the boys on the Graveyard Shift.

A happy note!! Innis did manage to maintain their reputation. The Innis gang were one of two customers 'Rent - a - Casket' got. Nobody else was crazy enough to rent a coffin.

On New Years Eve John Turner had a major attack of insanity and ran around the outside of the farm naked from the waist up with the temperature being approximately -30 degrees F.

Eric was making out at the farm with this real dog!!

Jim in a frenzy rush to get the champagne opened took the neck of the bottle off with the cork.

A major disappointment for Wendy was that David was not thrown into the shower hence he didn't get into her pants.

Joan got bruises all over her body from playing an aggressive game of spoons. An explanation of what the spoon game involves, ask Joan.

Mark did a champagne induced impression of the leaning tower of pizza aided by his crutches and immediately collapsed.

David made his once a year attempt at liquor consumption and got totally boomed on five small glasses of champagne. David what can we say!!!

The first Innis sweater has finally appeared on the scene. It is owned and worn by Allen. His mommy made it for him.

Eric is very worried, he can't figure out who told him he had a fifteen pound face. Perhaps it was the dog... Eric!

Now this is a story that will rival even that of Francis Fox. Mark Weisdorf, Treasurer of the Innis College Student Society, announced to the amazement of his dinner guests, "I play with myself pretty often."

Notice the Pub is getting the dart board put up. Only members of the Innis College Dart Club will be allowed to play. Membership will be available soon.

The Innis Formal will be held at the Sutton Place Hotel this year on Saturday February 25. Buy your tickets soon at the I.C.S.S. office. Tickets cost Ten dollars per person, twenty dollars per couple.

Attention all males!! Robin refuses to go to the Formal alone so we are running a lottery. Anyone interested in taking a short, babyfaced, blond Jewish princess to the Formal, give your name to Sari Friedland.

Tikki is not just a short person, she is now a twenty year old short person. Happy Birthday Tikki.

## WAREHOUSE

here we were  
the two of us  
the three of us  
the four of us  
the 3 of us  
the 2 of us  
in front of us  
fort hook of us  
stoned of us  
stoned out of our minds of us  
of us many of us  
had just come of us  
the of us  
graduates students union of us  
drinking outfit of us  
as we turned out  
walking up huron street of us  
it loomed in front of us  
of us  
out of the mist of us  
huge of us  
block! blocks block of  
books? block!  
the robarts library  
there was talk of us  
cannons  
rope ladders  
boiling oil catapults  
although it did not feel though as  
we were preparing to offend  
we it  
did got more of us  
stoned anyway

Dorny, Innis alumnus, dropped down from his job in Cobalt, Ontario to survey the Innis situation. He is disappointed about the downhill state of Innis courses since his departure. Under such conditions Innis may lose invaluable community experience. He also hopes that the recent NDP convention becomes an acceptable reality. To all the dreamers, drunks and desperadoes of Innis, Dorny gives his regards.  
**MAN SUES McDONALDS LTD.  
OVER COLLAPSED LUNG**

Ralph Meatyard is charging the McDonald's Ltd. chain with criminal negligence leading to the collapse of his left lung.

It was the Banana shake, he claims, purchase on Jan. 11, 1978 which was so thick as to cause the

collapse of his left lung from trying to take in the shake by straw.

The court date is set for Feb. 20 and Mr. Meatyard is in satisfactory condition at the Toronto General Hospital.



Gord Edwards, vice-president of the I.C.S.S. was spotted following Wendy Donnevinto the second floor washroom. Gord was overheard to say, "What's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this"

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Debbie, who is it this week??

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When asked when she was getting married, Miss Robin Holmes replied, "When I'm two months pregnant."

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Quote from Eli Marcus, "My nose has been running for weeks now, and now I know why: it's been practising for the great cold I have now."

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Paul French has admitted that he is indeed sex-starved.

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Michael, Michael where have you been? "I've been to London to visit the Queen." Michael, Michael, what did you do there? "I threw her down, and stripped her bare."

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Ken, try a new line, "Come a little earlier and we'll find a place to talk." doesn't turn on short brunettes.

\*\*\*

Jim Penturn calls his mother everyday, and asks, "Hi Mom, what time is dinner?", then he calls his girlfriend and says "Hi honey, what time is dessert?"

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# CLASSIFIED

## EMPLOYMENT WANTED

Salesman, out there on a shoestring and a smile, seeks new territory other than Boston area. W. Loman, Box 2348.

Continental Scholar, impeccable credentials, can teach anything from Latin to the French symbolists, getting over unhappy love affair and seeks new life teaching at boarding school for young girls age 12-24. H. Humbert, Box 4592.

## PERSONAL

Agling Lecher and Salnt would like to meet lusty young peasant girls in barn on my estate. Object: a quick roll in the hay without complications (I have a shrewish wife). Holy Father, stop me before I sin again. L. Tolstoy, "Yasnaya Polyana," Russia.

I Will Jump Off Brooklyn Bridge if you don't write me. H. Crane, NY, Box 2890.

I'll Take Tha', Lass, like an animal after we run clean-limbed and naked through the leaf-strewn forest in the rain. Mellors, c/o Chatterley, England.

Attractive, Refined, Romantic Housewife seeks discreet liaison with similarly situated gentleman. I am a prisoner in a petit-bourgeois household and the fulfillment has fled from my marriage. I fantasize a soldier with fierce, bristling moustaches. Enjoy horseback riding. E. Bovary, NY, Box 8932.

Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou, Romeo? J. Capulet, Box 9543.

Where Am I? H. Hughes, no forwarding address.

Saltily Prostitute sought by successful author. Published novelist expecting to make a journey to Siberia shortly and needs someone to share expenses, experiences, etc. Typing required. F. Dostoevsky, Box 3956.

Physician, Jewish, conducting groundbreaking studies in role of the unconscious in human behavior, seeks to correspond with and/or meet hysterical young women. S. Freud, Box 4278.

Are There Any really virile men left in the world? Young girl writing novel about the secrets of small-town life is rusting away in New Hampshire and seeks, to meet literary stud with the

objective a deeper relationship and mutual gratification. Alison MacKenzie, Peyton Place, N. H., Box 289.

Bardle, Bearded Male, AC-DC, seeks correspondence with lusty lads and strong pioneer girls with sunburnt cheeks. Do I contradict myself? Very well I contradict myself. (I am large. I contain multitudes.) W. Whitman, Camden, N. J., Box 342.

Self-Styled Male Chauvinist Pig available for late sessions at your consciousness-raising group. N. Mailer, NY, Box 2984.

Frammy, for chrissake enough of that Jesus-prayer. It's driving me nuts. Zooey.

Thank Heaven for Little Girls! I am interested in photographing them, talking with them, telling them fantastical little stories. L. Carroll, Box 2943.

Churning, Thrusting, Groping, building, twisting, slithering, testing, shuddering, deepening, intensifying, exploding—and the earth moved. Does that interest you, daughter? Write to "Papa," Box 5435.

Quiet, Withdrawn Aesthete seeks correspondence with working-class young mcn. Object: deeper relationship. Maurice, Box 3892.

Young Woman, spirited, sensitive, trapped in a dull marriage seeks discreet correspondence and perhaps affair. Object: suffering. A. Karenina, Box 5890.

Jewish Man whose happiest sexual experience thus far involved a piece of liver seeks mature relationship with aware, undemanding female. A. Portnoy, Box 9842.

Ambrose, Come Home. Family misses you and forgive your vitriolic humor at the breakfast table. Anyone with knowledge of whereabouts of Ambrose Bierce please write his wife c/o Box 3589.

Daisy Buchanan, from my mansion in West Egg each night I watch the winking green light on your pier. Can't we begin again? What we had together once is too much to throw away. J. Gatsby, Box 9043.

## RENTALS

Exchange, Cork-lined room in Montmartre for same overlooking Faubourg St. Germain. M. Proust, Box 3490.

Summer Sublet. Small house built with my own hands in woody area near Walden Pond available Memorial Day through Labor Day. No groupies. H. Thoreau, Box 2849.

## SERVICES

Aphorisms and other witticisms for sale. Suitable for buttons and bumper stickers. Sample: "Foxhunting is the unspeakable pursuing the inedible." Write O. Wilde, 076315, Reading Gaol, London, England.

ETC.

I Mean where am I? H. Hughes, Box 8762.

THE INNIS MOSAIC







Dr. Burt Konzak can be found three times a week in the Benson building instructing U of T students in the practise and philosophy of authentic Karate-do and Judo activities. Emphasis is on Kata the graceful, ancient ritual forms of training, self-defense techniques, conditioning exercises and the development of human potential through moving meditation.

During the years 1974-1977 Innis College was fortunate to have Dr. Konzak on staff, teaching his academic companion course Zen and the Martial Arts (INX 371). This unique and innovative self-developmental course has unfortunately been suspended due to budget cut-backs. Increased student interest and action may be required before this academic program is reintroduced into U of T's faculty of Arts and Science.

Dr. Burt Konzak has taught both Zen philosophy and the Martial Arts at the University of Toronto since 1971. He holds a B.A. degree in economics and M.A. and Ph.D. degrees in sociology, specializing in the fields of human aging and development, Japanese society and the sociology of work and leisure. A practitioner of the Martial Arts for over eleven years and holder of the Black Belt, he is Director of the Toronto Academy of Karate and Judo and also the director of karate programmes throughout Southern Ontario. Dr. Konzak is owner and director of the "Karate Training Farm" at Meaford, Ontario and is President of the Pine Tree Foundation for Fitness and Martial Arts, a charitable foundation oriented to the development of mental and physical fitness through Martial Arts training and to research on the Martial Arts and Eastern philosophy.



## ZEN AND THE MARTIAL ARTS AN INTERVIEW WITH BURT KONZAK

by Tom Dempsey

*Do both Zen and the Martial Arts have different origins, and, or what are the origins of the Martial Arts?*

Both Zen and the martial arts actually attribute their origins to Daruma, an Indian monk who came from India to China in the sixth century. He brought with him a method of training and self development which is based on the development of the full potential of the mind and the body. This was a very new concept to the Chinese.

When he settled in China and he started teaching, the monks, who had been teaching prior to this had put almost all their emphasis on mental development, disciplining, meditation, but Daruma found that their bodies were in very poor shape and that they seemed to have missed a great deal of the value of what human life is all about. Its not deprivation or asceticism but trying to develop one's full potential both physically and mentally. Daruma emphasized such things as correct diet, proper posture, exercises, which included yoga exercises, and an emphasis on certain kinds of

self-defense techniques which he had learned while in India. All of this took place in an atmosphere of overall self-discipline respect and humility. These are the principles which Daruma emphasized.

*What are the main attributes of the Zen philosophy?*

The main thing about Zen philosophy is a looking into the self and developing one's full potential as a human being. One of the ways that we can portray this is to look at the difference between Zen and some other philosophies or approaches to life or even other forms of Buddhism which usually look outside the individual. They look towards some form of external salvation whereas Zen seeks a knowledge of the self, self sufficiency, self realization, self development, self discipline, to realize the full potential of one's life, one's humanity.

*Was the transition between Indian Buddhism and modern day Zen such a big step or are they part and parcel of each other?*

Well, Zen without Buddhism just

doesn't make sense. There are some scholars who have tried to say that Zen could have developed in any type of context but I think the main thing that we can say about Zen is that it tried to pay attention not to the formal teachings of the Buddha but to the substance of the Buddhist teachings. And they take the example of the Buddha's life as opposed to the formal scripture which were passed on by his student afterwards, by his disciples.

Indian Buddhism and many other forms of Chinese and Japanese Buddhism really developed into a kind of formalistic doctrine, metaphysical doctrines, methods of salvation, methods of study. Of course in this case one who has studied more, one who is more learned had advantages over those people who were less learned. Zen tries to put the emphasis not on actual learning itself but on living one's life. In other words, even an ignorant person or illiterate person by the fact that he can't read should not stop or interfere from his realizing his full potential, his full humanity.

Ultimately, in Zen, we say that

the scriptures, or the study of the scriptures, or intellectual study, although it can under certain circumstances be a help we must put it in its proper perspective. Zen teachings looked primarily at the reality of the Buddha's teachings, the fact that the Buddha emphasized the eightfold path to enlightenment which included such things as right concentration, right occupation, right attitude towards life, right effort, all of these things which are action orientated as opposed to intellectually orientated.

The main thing that we can say about Indian Buddhism, is that it really tended to be, and this is after the life of the Buddha himself who lived his life in India, is that in the aftermath of his death it tended to be highly metaphysical and intellectual. However, when it became Zen and the transformations over the centuries, Daruma who introduced the new form of Zen tried to emphasize the same doctrine, the same teachings which Buddha has originally emphasized which is an emphasis on living, on action.

*Can the origins of Karate and Judo be found in the early Marshall technique of Bu jitsu?*

Yes, Bu means Marshall and jitsu means technique. Thus a Marshall technique.

In the year 1603 A.D. central rule was established in Japan. They were then able to maintain a period of peace lasting for several hundred years because of Japan's relative state of isolation unlike China which was so open to attack from neighbors on all sides. In this period from 1603 to 1868 which we call the Tokugawa Period the Samurai, who were the warrior class, were able to turn their attention not only to the combat technique but to an emphasis on the Marshall arts as an expressive art, as a method of developing their full potential. The beautiful thing about this is that the Samurai were able to turn their attention from purely combat orientation to integrating the Marshall arts into what we call Zen art, as an artistic expression of the self. Some very beautiful developments of the Marshall arts occurred as a result of this period.

Kata became transformed from a



method of purely self defense drill to a method of trying to develop gracefulness of motion, beauty of motion, as well as power. This integration of power and beauty is one of the most fascinating aspects of the contemporary martial arts training.

*Was there a sense of brotherhood between the Zen monks and the Samurai warriors?*

The answer is definitely yes. There has been a great deal written about many swordsmen and karate-men who took about the great influence of the Zen masters in their lives. Many people wonder why, they think, "isn't it true that the martial arts is a form of combat and isn't it true that Zen is supposed to be a way of peace, inner peace, and very un-warlike?"

The answer is that both the martial arts and Zen are concerned with the development of peace. The martial arts is not concerned with the development of the violent character or a violent person, but with the development of a strong person, one who is strong in mind and strong in body. And such a person is least likely to be violent. One of the fundamental virtues of martial arts training is this emphasis on self control. It requires so much personal discipline to acquire proficiency in technique that at the same time one cannot but help develop a sense of discipline in all aspects of one's life.

Many people when they first walk into the Dojo, which means training hall, are often bewildered by the amount of formality and respect which is shown in the Dojo. This is a disciplined environment but it is not blind discipline. It's discipline always oriented towards developing a sense of respect and a sense of humility in an atmosphere devoted to self development. These are the primary underlying foundations of the martial arts: respect, humility, self development. All of the physical training takes place within this context.

The influence of the Zen masters who were so proficient in terms of self discipline, self control, and real mastery over the self should be quite evident. Recently I was reading an essay written by a famous swordsman of the 17th century who wrote about the influence on his swordsmanship of such a Zen monk and he was answering questions very similar to this at that time: "How is it that a Monk somebody who is untrained, in this case, in the physical technique, was able to teach him so much about swordsmanship?" And he answered, "It is very simple, he taught me how to use my mind. Ultimately, the great swordsman is not one who has trained only in technique, but someone who also has a very powerful mind to go with his powerful physical training."

*How can Zen and the Mortal Arts be best used in the development of the total person?*

That's a good question. People sometimes come down to the Dojo, and they're interested in studying karate and have heard a great deal about it, and they're interested in how an ancient art is relevant to our contemporary society 20th century Canada. This is a fascinating thing to think about because something that was developed and actually has its origins at least 14 centuries ago deals with a development of timeless values that are as important today as they were 1400 years ago. Mainly values such as self reliance, concentration, mental discipline, physical fitness, self defense. In our society now perhaps more important than 14 centuries ago is a sense of being able to relate to yourself as a complete person, as someone who has both a mental and a physical reality.

Something that concerns me a great deal in many of the courses I teach at the University is that you often find that the physical training is completely neglected. They're

very bright but this being out of touch with one's body is something which really hurts people. You find that as they learn more they get more nervous. Perhaps this culminates in some grad students with a tremendous amount of tension which is generated through their studies.

One of the beautiful things about the martial arts in a University environment is that with an emphasis which is already present on development of the self through education it puts a much greater, a much deeper perspective in terms of developing your skills as a physical human being as well as a mental human being.

Karate does so much for enabling a person to get control of himself or herself. To be able to realize what one is seeking to do. To accomplish what one sets out to do. That's why this training is just as relevant today in the 20th century as it was 14 centuries ago.

The main emphasis in the training is to challenge oneself and feeling one's full reality. Something I call not only sweat of the body, but a sweat of the soul which is involved in the martial arts training. This is one of the most beautiful things about the training the way the individual pushes himself and realizes things that usually he never knew that he could do.

*What kind of emotional feelings are derived from the study of the martial arts?*

The feelings of inner peace, relaxation, and confidence is something which you carry with you every part of your life.

There has been very much publicity lately about increase in rapes and violence in the cities. Many men and women train in the martial arts because of concern for their safety. Of course when they start training in the martial arts they find there is a lot more to it. However, should you ever have to defend yourself, or protect someone else, karate enables you, and every night you walk out in the street by yourself you need not fear for karate has given you a basic sense of confidence which is grounded in the reality you can take care of yourself. Such a feeling is to me worth anything in the world. There's nothing like this feeling, to be able to live with the dignity a human being is entitled to.

*To what extent has the Zen Buddhist scholar, D.T. Suzuki's writings influenced Western thought in general and your Dojo in particular?*

D.T. Suzuki is probably the greatest exponent of Zen Buddhism in history. He has influenced not only the wide audience of people who have read his books but also a great many western scholars such as Thomas Merton and Christian Humphrey.

The thing about Suzuki which is so magnificent is not only the fact that he is a great writer but the fact that he writes from his heart. I know when I read Suzuki's books I'm not reading words off a page but it is more of a heart to heart communication. Suzuki has written not only about Zen but also on the interaction and effects of the martial arts training, on bujitsu and budo. The lessons he has drawn out have been immensely helpful not only to myself, but to every serious martial arts person that I've known.

*Suzuki states that there were two schools of Zen thought which originated in Japan from China in the thirteenth century, the Soto and the Rinzai Schools. Would you explain the differences and similarities between these two forms of Zen?*

Rinzai and Soto Zen are the two major forms of Zen. They both use many methods of training which are jointly used.

Generally, Soto Zen puts a much stronger emphasis on sitting meditation which we call Za-Zen; whereas



The Art of The Empty Hand

Rinzai Zen puts a much greater emphasis on the contemplation of koan studies such as "What is the sound of one hand clapping?" Also as a part of Rinzai zen is a much stronger emphasis on Do-Zen, moving meditation, or the study of Zen through an art form. For instance Cha-no-yu which is tea ceremony, or haiku poetry or sumiye brush painting. This is all included in the Martial Arts. For the most part Rinzai has been the most influential on the martial arts. But both schools do use one another's techniques.

Both schools are ultimately concerned with the same thing and that the fact of creating an environment to enable the individual to go beyond himself, what his normal bounds are, to realize his full capability as a human being.

Soto Zen puts the major emphasis on the disciplining in the sitting position. In Rinzai Zen the koan is used to go beyond the intellectual sphere and forces one to confront these supposed riddles that cannot be answered by the intellect and it's only when the intellect itself breaks down can you develop a deeper reality. In both forms of Zen we have the emphasis on getting the individual to go beyond himself and seeking a greater understanding of things in a pursuit involved with everyday life.

The martial arts training is a form of active meditation. Zen itself, the word, means meditation, and when we talk about Karate or Judo we talk about Do-Zen, moving meditation. This is a state of physical and mental activity where you become integrated with what you're doing. Of course it requires a sense of strong disciplining to learn your technique in the beginning, but once you learn the basic technique to become integrated with the technique, to achieve a state of what we call mushin which means mind without conscious thought. Where the arms and the legs move in complete unison, in complete harmony with the mind and the spirit.

In martial arts training you develop this state of mind, mushin, which is essential to Zen, and you learn a kind of harmony of oneself which, prior to the study of karate, people just don't normally possess. A sort of fluidity of action and motion. When one sees a performance of a kata, which is a form technique in karate, one often realizes the embodiment of what I'm talking about. You see a simultaneous artistic expression of power, gracefulness, gentleness and speed.

*Would this state of mind, mushin, be similar to the state called samudhi?*

Yes; samadhi refers to the state of unity; you become one with what you are doing. The actor and the action become united. The subject and the object become integrated.



BURT KONZAK

One of the things that a karate or a judo person seeks to develop is harmony of his limbs with himself. The fact that karate is an activity which is often practised with a partner offers an even greater perspective. That is, the harmony of two persons motions. For example, in many of our two person katas, or forms that we do, or in the sparring, the purpose is the harmonization of motion. To develop a sense of unity between yourself and your partner. We try to develop a state of mind which is so open that almost before he even moves we see what he is doing. This type of movement is an advanced stage of harmony, of sight, of seeing beyond what our normal conception of seeing is.

In the martial arts your senses become so strong and your ability to sense through all your senses is so strengthened that you become more aware. Nothing is taken for granted. The karate person develops a frame of seeing, a frame of hearing, a frame of feeling that makes him much more aware as a human being.

*There is a form of kata which you perform called Empi Kata which is very graceful and spontaneous. Could you tell us the origin of such beautiful katas?*

Empi in english means the bird swallow. Many of the ancient katas were modelled after the actions of animals. The ancient masters would seek to develop a spontaneity of movement, because, we as human beings tend to think too much, and this thinking tends to interfere with action in its purest states.

I'm not being anti-intellectual. As a member of the University Community I'm very keen on intellectual pursuits, but thinking is but one mode of human life. Often this sense of language, conceptualization and thinking ties people up too much.

People often think and develop conceptions of other people and themselves, which is a natural process, but we begin to define ourselves along certain ways. You tend to internalize feelings and opinions which others have of you and you begin to work these into a framework that affects your own self-perception.

Karate training enables you to transcend these conceptions and perceptions which you have, or others have of yourself, allowing you to take action in its purest form, spontaneous action.

There are some people who begin training sincerely believing that they have two left feet. However, those students who do not give up after their initial frustrations inevitably find that one day they just suddenly lose themselves in the training, they let themselves go and the action becomes spontaneous. They'll come up to me after class and say, "You know what happened? I was suddenly able to something. I didn't think about it, it just occurred!"

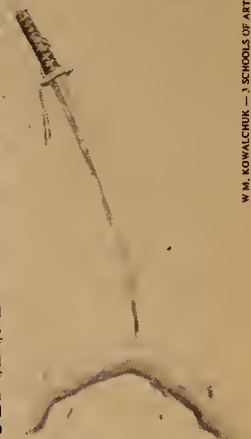
That's the sense that I mean, that we seek to develop a sense of spontaneous action. To transcend our state of thinking and conception. Its an instantaneous spontaneous action, you often see this amongst animals in the wild and as human beings we have a lot to learn about that.

*The Zen studies of the Martial Arts and Swordsmanship appear to have much in common with each other. Can you explain the relationship which these studies have with other Zen studies such as painting and the Art of Tea?*

All of these are considered as Zen Arts, as methods of Do-Zen, or active meditation. I think the thing which they all have in common is an emphasis on the basic underlying foundations of humility, respect, a unity of subject and action. You become what you are doing. The idea is not to think anymore but to let the movement express itself as a kind of spiritual expression from the very soul of the person.

For example, Picasso has often

said that when he sits down to paint he does not think ahead of time what he is going to paint, he may have certain ideas or feelings, but ultimately the final product is a result of a kind of spontaneous explosion from within, something which reaches from the very depth of his soul. This is something that we refer to as the artistic expression. Art is not intellectualization. To be an artist requires an ability to communicate from the very soul. Something which communicates on a heart to heart basis. I think this is what all the Zen Arts have in common.



*Do all karate masters define Bushido as the conquering of self, rather than others?*

There are many karate schools and karate teachers which emphasize quite different aspects than what I'm talking about now. In fact I would have to say that although what I've been talking about relates to the traditional meaning of the Martial Arts, certainly I would be considered as being in a minority as far as contemporary karate or judo goes.

Most orientation now is towards the sport. Recently, sports promoters have been attempting to commercialize karate and judo into spectator sports as opposed to participatory sport. Personally I don't agree with these perspectives but it's good that there are perhaps different perspectives so that people can have their choice.

Sometimes I have people coming to my school and I frankly don't think that they belong. They aren't there to develop a disciplining of mind and a realization of one's full potential but they're there to learn how to fight. Well maybe my school is not the best program for that. Although you will learn how to take care of yourself you will also learn a certain capacity of not wanting to fight. The transformation is not only in terms of physical fitness and self defense, but changes in character and personality.

*Have you ever had to use your karate in a self defense situation?*

Yes, I have had to use my karate in self defense situations. Nowadays too many people will just walk past those in trouble and not even phone the police because they don't want to take the risk of getting involved. However, ever since I have undergone my Martial Arts training I have always felt the responsibility to stay and help out people in unfortunate situations.

A karate person would probably be the best person to handle violent situations without anyone getting hurt. What good is it for one to confront a situation and then you become the aggressor and injure other people? It's best to handle it from a position of strength and self control.

It's amazing what an effect this has, where somebody is being ag-



gressive and you confront that person with complete control over yourself. Just my presence will often put an end to the situation.

*While in the dream state have you ever been attacked by monsters or people, and if so how has your Zen and Martial Arts training affected the outcome of these borderline encounters?*

Very interesting. Karate in the subconscious mind. And of course dreams are not unrelated with one's life.

When I remember my dreams I think about them quite a bit because it teaches me about what's beneath the surface. But I must say that it's kind of interesting, because I've often thought about the fact, that I have dreamed about being attacked by an animal or another person or helping someone else and I haven't failed yet to come out on top of the situation. Not in the matter of defeating but in the ability to calm the situation. In almost every case that I can remember, it ended up as a rather non-violent dream, without having a violent ending.

But you know it's funny because, when I think of dreams that I used to have as a kid, before I had exposure to the martial arts, I remember many times in such a situation, waking up in a sweat when, you know, the big bear is going to get you, or something like that, and you're helpless there! Yet as long as I have been a serious practitioner of the martial arts I never remember ever having such a dream occur. And I think that this is a reflection, personally, of changes that have been undergone by myself as a result of my karate training.

*There is a saying that you have related to your students which goes "It is best not to be defeated than to defeat everyone." Could you expand on this a little further?*

Well this is an old Martial Arts adage, that the purpose of the martial arts training is not to defeat anyone, but the art consists in terms of not being defeated.

It's an attitude in life and perhaps one of the most significant things about the Martial Arts training. It refers, not only to a fighting or physical situation, but anything that you encounter in life.

I remember many of the problems I confronted when completing my Ph.D., yet it never occurred to me to give up or let go of it, simply because it became a part of my mental framework; that there should be nothing I should allow to defeat me. I have to be strong enough to encompass any situation. This is a very important attitude.

I find myself teaching at the University, running my school, and I encounter a great deal of challenges. It is only because of my karate training that I don't allow situations to get on top of me. It reflects my training, that I have got to have that inner strength and inner power.

*The karate uniform, or gi, is a white colour. Belts are coloured white, yellow, green, blue, purple, brown and black in order of increasing mastery in the art. Is this gradation of colours primarily a historical custom or is there a deeper meaning in the origins of the gi and the colours used?*

There are many different colours of belt depending on the style of karate or judo studied, but I have always felt that there has been too much emphasis on the colour of belt. Colour of belt of course is indication of the amount of material a student has learned both quantitatively and qualitatively. What I think is more important is no matter what the belt, whether it's a beginner's white belt or an advanced brown or black belt, but the fact that a belt should always be worn with pride as the symbol, as the soul of a karate man or woman.

Someone who puts on the karate belt and gi now becomes a practitioner of the art. Someone who has dedicated himself to the development of their full potential as a human being.

Of course in our Dojo we maintain a white gi but nowadays it has become fashionable to make white gi's, brown gi's, black gi's, there's even a blue denim gi. I don't know if you've seen them but they have been very widely advertised in the United States.

Essentially, white is the colour of simplicity, and this is one of the traits of the Martial Arts. In the martial arts one's social standing, one's position in society outside the Dojo, one's education or occupation doesn't matter. Inside the Dojo we're all equals. In the training we try and keep things as simple as possible. We just wear a simple white gi and a belt. And that's it.

*In karate practice (ie. free sparring combat - like situations) have men and women always been allowed to spar together or is this a product of our contemporary society?*

In most dojos women don't spar with men. Many dojos still have separate classes for women. In fact in my teacher's school women were not allowed in the dojo with the men at all.

When I started my own Dojo I stated right at the beginning that men and women would be studying together and I've never regretted that decision. Although there is no question that in the beginning, strengthwise and size-wise, men are stronger, sex-wise, I don't think it makes that much of a difference. If we control for the size differences then the women can easily train on the same level as the men.

For example, in a sparring situation, if you place a 6 foot 5, 250 pound opponent against a 5 foot, 100 pound opponent, it doesn't matter if that second opponent is a man or a woman, he or she will be at an extreme disadvantage, but not an overwhelming disadvantage.

We've created an environment which to me is new, where men and women train together and where they equally contribute to the environment. I think this is one of the things which makes our training hall so unique in that sense.

*What other sports or practices do you feel would be important for the development of the mind and body of modern day man and women?*

Oh, I'm very biased, but I think karate, karate and karate. I think one should train very hard in karate. Of course in our Dojo we put on emphasis on the full conditioning, which means that we use many other forms of training which are supplemental to the karate. For example running, which increases one's aerobic capacity and cardiovascular strength. Skiing is also a very good recreation and a good exercise.

However, ultimately in any form of physical conditioning, and the same applies to mental conditioning, you have to apply the principle of overload. When you're conditioning muscles, if you only take it up as far as you begin to strain and no further then nothing is going to happen. You have to push your muscle beyond its normal limitations and that's when new muscle fibre begins to develop. That's where real development takes place. And it's the same thing on the mental level. One has to push oneself beyond one's normal capacity.

That's where you find the real strength and heauty of karate training.

## AWARD GOES TO GREENWALD

The Norma Epstein National Creative Writing Competition is held once every two years. (In the alternate years the fund supports a competition just for University College undergraduates.) Anyone enrolled in a university in Canada is eligible. University College administers the competitions, and their Creative Writing Committee judges the submissions. Poetry, fiction and drama are all eligible. The only stipulation is that the work should be previously unpublished. The amount set aside for the National award is \$1,000. This may be awarded to one person; often it is split between two. The Committee reserves the right not to make the award at all if it feels it hasn't received a worthy manuscript.

This year the award was split between Roger Greenwald (for a collection of poems, entitled *What You Asked For*) and Michael J. Cullen of the University of Lethbridge (for a novel called *Good Night, Sammy Wong*). Roger was eligible because he is enrolled as a graduate student here (as a candidate for the Ph.D. in English).

The Epstein Competition is well known because it has been going steadily for something like 30 years and is one of the few national awards of any kind, perhaps the only one independent of government and publishers.

## PRESENTING THE SECOND ANNUAL INNIS COLLEGE CONCERT SERIES FEATURING STUDENTS FROM THE INNIS COLLEGE COMMUNITY

Place: Innis Town Hall  
Time: 12:15 p.m. - every second Wednesday



## CONCERT PROGRAM

### MARCH 1st 1978

(3) Sten Ardal - Guitar and Vocals. Sten's been playing guitar, singing and writing tunes for as long as he can remember. This unique musician displays creativity at his best.

### MARCH 15th 1978

(4) Tom Dempsey - Flute and Guitar, Joanne Dorish - Piano, Anita Bredovskis - Flute, Suzanne Hunt - Clarinet, Jeryl McGuire - Saxophone. A variety of tunes from BEETHOVEN to HAGOOD HARDY.

### MARCH 29 1978

(5) Eli Marcus - Guitar and Vocal. With backup by Mike Mallett - Guitar. Eli is a traditional Ragtime and Blues musician (a la Gary Davis, Robert Johnson, Blind Blake) and he blends in some contemporary folk as well as playing a mean finger picking style.

APRIL 5th to be announced

## HOLLIDAY RUSH

by Lucy Simcoe

In the sixties, the only respectable place to hold a businessman's lunch was at a hotel, preferable the Royal York, or in the Prince Arthur Room at the Park Plaza. The latter, with its damask cloths and silver flatware was a favourite in the Bloor Street area. The entrance to the dining room sported a table laden with fruit, mints and menus, with the wall opposite hiding the entrance to the restrooms with a hand painted trompe l'oeil. The PA Room's specialty was and still is fruit cocktail and chicken a la king served in a pastry shell. Martini and scotch imbibers were saved from the streets by heavily draped windows. At noon, reservations were necessary, and tie and jacket, de rigueur.



Today, one's choice of eatery in the downtown area is endless. As the dress code in the executive world has laxed, so has the formality of luncheonettes. Toronto boasts a wide variety of restaurants with the fare ranging from salad and mint tea to jumbo shrimp and finger foods. For example, there is Mr. Greenjeans on Adelaide across from the St. James Cathedral. Actually, it is an emporium, selling everything from lunch to wicker baskets, soap to plants. Always crowded, even with a reservation one has time to carouse every corner of the bricked floor establishment. Today the business man's costume is more likely to consist of a tweed jacket and jeans, than a three piece suit (although they still appear popular among CA's, collectors, and lawyers). The fare at this restaurant is simple, convenient and catchy, fresh salad with tuna dip, to calorie counters burgers delight. All food is served in clear lucite or glass containers, with a heavy emphasis on spinach or lettuce bed. No cloths adorn the table, instead is found paper placemats and napkins, and one must ask for water. The turnover here is fast, so conference meals must be to the point.

Another popular area to dine is on Queen Street from John Street to Spadina Avenue. For a long time Barney's, at Peter Street, was the only wateringhole offering homemade coleslaw and ricedupped to hand sliced rye sandwiches. Prices here were never listed - Barney's attitude was if you have to ask the price, you couldn't afford the food! He's still a favourite with the breakfast crowd, and I'm sure many a dress deal was made over hashbrowns and two sunny side ups.

Michis, a Japanese hole in the wall was also well visited, but moved out of the area last year. Now, the premises are occupied by Le Select, a french style bistro started by two ex - CBCers. Frederique and Monique, with the help of two renovators (who seemed to have had their hand in more than one downtown restaurant, PJ and Paul) turned the narrow building into an attractive and comfortable place. One can sit either at small tables or corduroy covered banquettes. The walls are lined with french art posters and mirrors, and the tables are clothed in squares of calico. Reasonable prices and a wine and beer licence have made this oasis quite popular. Their salades mixte and verte are quite tasty and the daily specials more than edible. Dress is relaxed. Just as an example, yesterday, there were three men in suits, a few couples who refused to remove their overcoats, and a young man, who wore a bomber jacket on his back, and a long, black scarf on his head.

The two other restaurants on the street are Beggars Banquet (slow service, limited smoking area but ex-



cellent gourmet vegetarian food) and Peter Pan. Sandy Stagg turned this ailing greasy spoon into an instant success by retaining all the old fixtures in the room and offering a limited but tasty menu. Popular among the young up and coming capitalists of Toronto, average service and the cute waiters make this licensed spot jive from noon til closing.

Moving up town a bit, is Le Petit Gourmet, another french cafe and take - out place populaire. Located on Yonge Street at the Rosedale subway station, the quality of food to be found here is superb. It's very relaxed atmosphere, the french patter, and close proximity of the tables add to its charm. A long refrigerated counter displays the daily fare — from croissants to salade de tomate, tarte cerise to bouef bourgoin. One points, hopes to be understood, and then the serveuse sets up a cafeteria style tray which one carries oneself to an empty table. In the summer, a tree sheltered patio offers additional seating. The clientele is varied, from Heather Cooper and Michael Snow to transplanted Parisiennes and local Torontonians like me. The dress is either casual housewife or mid - town chic. Every other mangleur has on a pair of roots from the next door bootery.

The list, as one can see by this brief sampling, is limitless, and although the Park Plaza and the Royal York are still used, it seems the trend away from formalitis is here to stay. One wonders if the place and style of the business lunch has relaxed, has business as well?

TOSSING IT AROUND

Hay do you think he can catch? otherwise it gets real messy.  
Catch what? Arg!  
The football! Whose 12?  
What number is he? He is  
Thirteen Ed?  
Whats he done lately? Who?  
Cutbacks. Ed!  
OK uhh 13 go to the left and cutback Oh. Arg.  
out. Who did?  
OK now go to the right and cutback Mary  
in Oh.  
No! No! No! Cutback out cutback out!  
Dossy-do is a cutback? Out!  
play left out!  
How come?  
Cause you left the door open.  
I did not.  
Did so  
Did not  
Did so  
Did not  
Then whats that big fat crack?  
Whatchaseeiswhatchaget.  
Yes but catch it before the first bounce

Innis College Financial Statements

INNIS COLLEGE 2 SUSSEX AVE. UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO INNIS COLLEGE STUDENT SOCIETY		Dec. 31, 1977.
STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS, DISBURSMENTS AND SURPLUS		FOR 6 MONTHS ENDING OCT. 31, UNAUDITED
RECEIPTS		
Fees	\$ 9,377.00	
Pinball receipts	2,331.69	
Social income	182.59	
Miscellaneous	1,010.64	
	<u>\$ 13,901.92</u>	
DISBURSMENTS		
Men's Athletics	\$ --	
Women's Athletics	--	300.00
Communications		1,350.00
Grants, awards, donations		10.00
Education		1,034.40
Innis Herald		190.74
Innis Press Fax		--
Harold Innis Foundation		1,044.40
Honoraria		2,212.60
Office expenses		283.37
Orientation		444.08
Renovations, repairs and maintenance		201.41
Social expenses		<u>\$ 7,351.08</u>
Miscellaneous expenses		
		\$ 3,901.04
EXCESS OF RECEIPTS OVER DISBURSMENTS		
Add - surplus - beginning of the year		<u>\$ 212.28</u>
		<u>\$10,116.72</u>
SURPLUS - END OF PERIOD		
ACCOUNTED FOR AS FOLLOWS:		
Cash/Savings acct.	\$ 9,703.16	
Chequing acct.	36.16	
Phone	23.00	
Loans receivable	<u>250.00</u>	
		<u>\$10,116.72</u>
HARK WINDSOR TREASURER, I.C.S.S.		

ANTI-ENVIRONMENT

I got ten bucks from the welfare offices. I was no longer an employ-off on Thursday, but it was too able single male, condemned to get late to work. I was feeling a little welfare from one of the grubbist down. The last two trips had been eyesores that this city supports with fun for the guy there. Paul, Paul was the taxpayers money.

I said that I was unable to work for self neck deep in the water but who six months due to illness, known as cares anyway. personality disorder, prognosis I wish I hadn't been ripped off for guarded. Jaime in the neat suits read my bike. It was a three speed with the yellow slip and called me a certified mental idiot. I guess I was gearchanger and the brakes, they feeling like a certified mental idiot always used to rattle and I thought of when I went into the welfare office, I myself as gliding silently through had just "borrowed" a buck from the downtown streets, but some Bill Glem and I felt a bit like most of the folks down at the welfare office, light and I ain't had the spare bucks They call it "upstairs" in the park. since to buy another and fix it up, I had Burton, the wander dog with banana seat and big handlebars.

I had Burton, the wander dog with me, Burt is my only friend, too bad! If I had the bike I wouldn't be can't do anything about his constant wrecking my feet to shit. The high horniness. But we had a good day any way. After getting the buck from welfare cheque aren't too comfortable-Bill at the SAC office I took Burt ble and they don't go well with over to Queen's park and pushed shorts any way. My sandals were him in the fountain, which isn't giving me a big blister. If I win working too well these days. Some \$100,000 I'm going to by a bike for guy came along and wanted to take a picture "Can you get him to do that again" he said. He had one of those stupid instamatic jobs but I tried to pose the dog a little I could. I was standing in the fountain at the time and it was simple enough. I called the dog and he jumped in. I pushed his nose under and he was a bit worried about that.

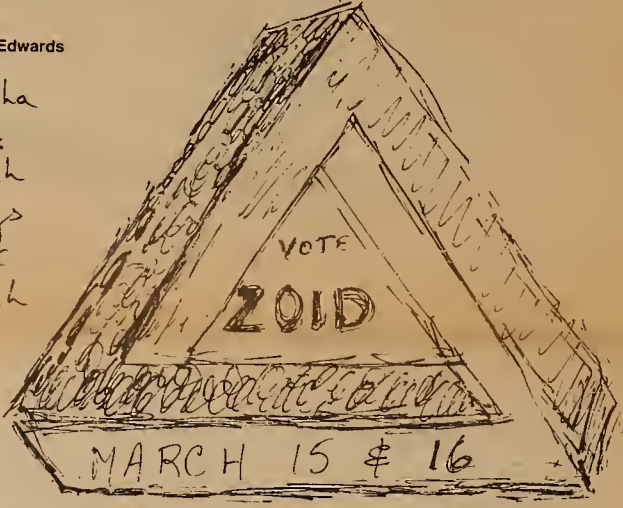
The fountain on the other side of the parliament buildings was a bit better any way. I took Burt there and told him to get in the water and then told him to lie down. Everyone sitting by the tall office buildings, and there weren't too many considering that it was a fucking hot day, though that the whole thing was cute. Burt sitting there and me sitting on the edge spaced out about the whole deal any way.

It's a bummer having a borrowed buck and not quite knowing what to spend it on. I usually keep big bills so long that I lose them. But what can you do with a buck?

I had been to the welfare office earlier (eleven) in the day just to get my number, seventy nine, the first time it was ninety one, and I went in earlier in the day too. I went in one time between and didn't even bother with a number. I gave the guy a typed sheet I had typed on a couple of blank forms that Paul Dowling had given me. He said that he didn't have time to describe what had gone on in the first interview so I did it for him. I got 64 bucks the first time, 88 the second and ten the third. But it was the last time that I had to go into the George street office. Since I was now a certified mental idiot I could go to one of the less grubby welfare

by Mike Edwards

Alpha  
Beta  
Cash  
Dogs  
Eat  
Flesh



I get to go to another welfare office and the cheques come in the mail anyway but for thursday I still didn't have any money. Paul was very nice but since I was feeling low he didn't get as much chuckles as before. I showed him my passport, that being my only ID, and he got a smile from that. The Canadian government refused my citizenship in 1972, and since that's proof that I'm a legitimate immigrant (they call them landed) I stapled a xerox of the carbon copy of the letter to my passport. I never got the original because it took 6 months for them to decide that I wasn't a citizen and by that time I had moved anyway. I went by Ottawa last year, to find out what happened and that's what they gave me.

Dear Mr. Edwards

November 17, 1972  
I am sorry to say that the Minister responsible for citizenship has found it necessary to reject your application for citizen on November 14, 1972.

The information on which this decision was based is confidential and it would not be in the public interest to reveal it.

The citizenship act provides that you may make another application after the expiration of a period of two years from the date of this application.

Typ was still buzzing in my head on Thursday, and John came by yesterday to buy some dope, never with cash though. He wanted me to write a story for his newspaper, I hadn't a completed piece on TYP and he my other job. I have two jobs.

didn't like my rough notes so I might get around to writing something.

But everytime someone comes to see me, someone else comes to see me and they end up talking to each other instead of me. Seven people in a TARTU cell is a little hard to take so I wander around the building making lime drinks, buying cigarettes, or getting Alan to buy cigarettes or something.

I remember I went down to see Sylvie but she was sleeping, passed out in her room with her belly button exposed, the radio going the light on and the door open. I wrote her a note and left it on her belly button, shut off the radio and closed the door.

I wanted to talk to her about the movie we saw Sunday, but she wasn't getting enough sleep, since she had to get up at six thirty the next morning for work out in Rexdale. I'll talk to her later. I called her innocent but I think I am more so.

I came straight home after delivering Burt. I sat in my room and contemplated the fact that I was now a certified mental idiot. I was retired at the age of 31. I was being paid a retirement pension of 98.50 every two weeks. I had free medical care, free dental care and I could get a new pair of glasses if I wanted.

I've got a job. For six months. But what do I do with my Pokey papers? The arrived on Friday. I went down to UIC on Tuesday and they showed me a slide show. You are working for the UIC they think. They explained the rules. I think I'll act crazy and pretend to look for jobs. That's my other job. I have two jobs.

But they'll come after me later to give the money back. I'll have to keep a strict accounting. I invested fifty bucks in J yesterday.

Perhaps she'll turn up in a while. I remember Jay very well. I think she drove me crazy. I wrote it all down at the time and now Mary is reading it. She came in last night (Tuesday) and said "I don't come down to see you, I came to see Alan" except both Alan and I had taken her sleeping pills and were rapidly passing out. I said "bullshit" and fell asleep think about Jaime and George, who had just busted my door during a fight.

Thursday was the night that I went with Sylvie to scientology. It was her last lesson for a course she had paid \$25 for. I have always been hesitant about those guys. I've heard they deal with their enemies in a pretty direct fashion and I know what their scam is. It's based on truth which is a hard scam to break. I told Alan to read EST he'll tell me if there's any correlation. The scientologist told me there is a danger of self-auditing, and I believe him but I'll have to pay \$25 to find out what non-self-auditing is. So add that to the \$100,000.

They grilled Sylvie afterwards. She told me on Sunday before we went to see Clockwork Orange. She wanted to see it because she had already seen it in French and would be able to follow the words a little easier in English. But after all that she said she didn't like the film anyway. But she was tired. I haven't had a chance to talk to her about it since.





### MEDIA MERANGUE

Another in a continuing onslaught of  
Restaurant Critiques in which  
Three Added Bills Meet Fate,  
Do what is Done  
& Escape into Rush Hour...

by Hilton Wasteland

I remember I wanted to buy cigarettes. That was at 5:00 a.m. approx. I was waiting to buy cigarettes. My confrères meanwhile melting into slashed & taped blood-red benches, admiring the landscape on the wall and checking out a Korean War vet who was busy checking up on them. Very cyclical, this, I thought, as I tapped toes, rehearsed lines: "Large-Craven-A-Pleeze". Saw myself enunciating with nonchalance dripping from my every pore. Fate stood behind the counter, counting out change. A change of money. Paper and aluminum cum nickel cum silver rustle-clinking into a heap. I knew Fate had a limited till. A few acres to grow a crop of funny money to be reaped by an even grimmer daytime counterpart. Fate would require a nickel. A dollar-five.

And suddenly I stood face to naked face the Guardian of Death, gripped sweat-soaked fin with epileptic force and said:

"Un Lg Crvn Ah Plz".

Fate understood, deposited a package, glanced irritably into my soul and said:

"Do you have The Nickel".

"Yes".

I started searching. A pocket odyssey, almost grailish in implication. "The Nickel". Extracted a haystack of metal and plastic circles. Picked around. Why did they make nickels round? They used to be easier to distinguish. Fate's eyes on me. Must decide. "I don't think I do".

"You do".

Holy shit. On to me. Know I got one. Scrutinize hand of moving money. Ah.

Transaction accomplished, I headed for the cubicle. Three crazies now on red seats.

"We have to order something".

Oh yeah. Too late. Fate passes by.

"Menus?"

"Please".

Deeper and deeper.

"Can you handle this?"

"Yes. I'm having a toasted danish and a coffee".

All this because of cigarettes. Cigarettes lead to toasted danishes lead to heroin leads to dinky toys leads to lack of breast feeding to need for replacement to too much drugs to the Madison at 5:01 a.m. approx. And... "Are you ready?"

Y. JERRY Holden Caulfield: Requiem

It hurts me to say it — I hurt — but: Holden Caulfield is dead. It was a few years ago, I can't recall now, but he's been dead a few years now anyway. Who noticed...? That is what hurts so bad, that he could die, just like that, and not one of us saw it happen, heard it happen, or maybe some one of you did and didn't tell me, tell everyone. I'm telling you now: he's gone. While we were watching Clutch Cargo and his dog Skipper and the Jetson's, or maybe it was a weekday, when me or you had pretended to be newsome to stay home with a T.V. Guide and all the food in the house, and there was Andy, and Opey, and Goober reading D.C.'s at the gas station and nobody home but the phone: the good old days. I didn't hear a thing.

I saw him alot, before. We walked, laughed at all of it. Even the terrible violence, the changing aching — god I miss you Holden. Remember: the ex was so gorgeous and raging and for twenty five bucks you could buy back your life, for a night — down coaster, up pull up that little silver fish, before it was all fixed, and dogs and monkeys sailed across that counter top, such pink dreams. And coming back on the streetcar, wedged and sticky between so many tired pink and breathless puppies, babies, we were all babies then, and the others, we didn't think of them. What a life it was, just you and me Holden, looking in the mirror and feeling no different, no difference.

And just tonight, I could feel it, you were dead, and it was years ago: you must have just popped off, quick, because nobody's mentioned it, and I know they'd all have cried if only they'd realized. I suppose most were busy, building Hazelton Lanes, licking drains whiter than white, it's night Holden, night — lights out.

"No". "No". "No".

Fate sighs, wanders around clickacklacking ashtrays.

"This place is old".

"Fate is too".

"Remembers Pleistocene Fauna is spare time".

"Sshh. She can hear you".

"What about the vet?"

"Look. The pie-man. His jacket say... "Jockey Club?"

"Only delivered two pies too".

"Is four".

"One's custard".

"How did your know?"

"Gut feeling".

"I-"

Fate again. This is it. Enuff uff this.

"Ready, boys?" This on a fly-past to alpha centauri and rendezvous with carnage 'neath jukebox.

"Yes". "Yes".

Fate vanishes. Oh well.

"We should leave. This service is awful". It is 5:03 a.m. approx.

"Great songs on the jukebox here".

"It's a Seeburg Mini".

"Astute".

"Love My Car".

"Love To Love My Car". "You Don't Love My Car".

"My Car Makes It Real".

"Knock Knock Knockin on my Car Door".

"Car Chase".

"Rock Around The Car".

"One Car".

"THEME FROM The Car".

"You boys ready?"

Hunnh.

"Yes! I'll have a toasted danish and a coffee please zethands".

"Yes! I'll have a grilled cheese and a sandwich and a coffee please zethank you whew".

Pause. Or "Beat" as the Video Vamps would say.

"Are you ready?"

"Uh...no".

"And I waited all this time...".

"I'll uh...have...uh...uh...uh...toasted fried eggs and a sandwich and that's it".

"O.K.". Walking away.

"Excuse me". Stops. "Do you have Brown

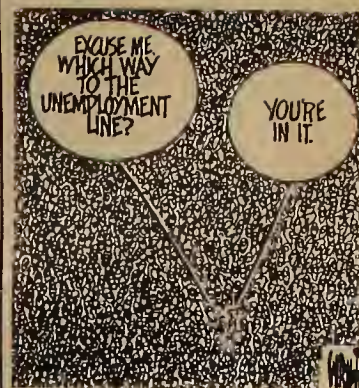
Bread?"

"Yes".

Later the food arrives. We must stuff it down greasy, un-willing throats under the auspices of Fate and the Jockey Club. Slurp. Gzzgz. Crunch. I am quite sure it was my imagination but the cups smelled of White Tornado. Splosh-plashing coffee into saucer into face. "Todo!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

## Unemployment :



INNIS COLLEGE

### Unemployment Conference

by John Ota

On January 21st an ad hoc group of interested students and teachers at Innis College held a conference dealing with unemployment. Over 150 students, trade unionist and Toronto activists turned out to discuss causes and solutions to the employment problem. The day-long conference was sponsored by the Innis College Students' Society and the Students' Administrative Council.

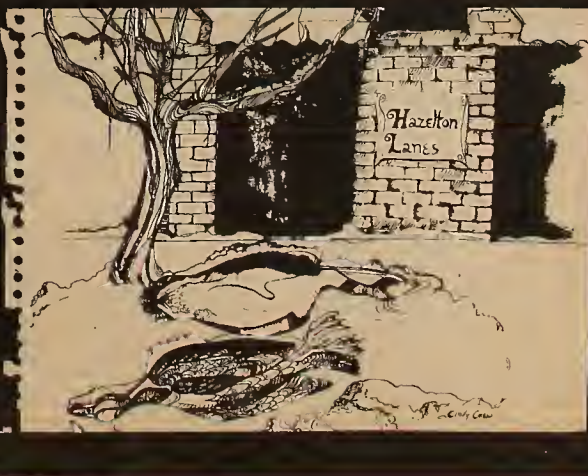
"We realized that the trade union movement had been holding similar conferences for months", said Fiona Connelly, a conference organizer, "However, people outside the labour movement have had little chance to discuss the issue in such forums. The Innis conference gave them that chance".

Among the speakers during the day were Cliff Pilkey (President, Ontario Federation of Labour), Dan Heap (Toronto Alderman), Mel Watkins (political economist, University of Toronto), John Doherty (SAC), Rive Frankell (U. of T. Placement Office) and Elert Frerichs (Innis College).

In a panel discussion Cliff Pilkey (OFL) said that a strategy against unemployment must provide a strong manufacturing base and thus provide employment for young people.

Pilkey emphasized that "Canada has relied too heavily on a branch plant economy with too many important decisions affecting our country being made abroad". He also condemned the multinational corporations that reinvested their Canadian profits in other countries.

One prevalent vein throughout the conference was the nationalization of efficient industries in Canada would be a major step towards lessening unemployment. It was emphasized that government should not be buying out inefficient industries in Canada by taking them over when they fail as has been the historical Canadian precedent according to many speakers.







THE OLD

THE NEW

By Eli Marcus

# DAVID WILCOX

in interview

D.W.: Born in Montreal and raised in Toronto, let's see... I started playing when I was about twelve in basement Rock & Roll bands & what not. At 21 I was teaching guitar and doing this and that until I joined Ian & Sylvia's band (1970) and became a fulltime musician and really played the electric guitar seriously for the first time - or rather owned one for the first time. I travelled all over with Ian & Sylvia and got into a lot of TV and back-up work through them. I backed up a lot of people like Charlie Rich, Anne Murray, Jesse Winchester, Bobby Bare, Ray Price, and Jerry Reed - a lot of country stars. I did some sessions with Todd Rundgren, producing and he played a little guitar on them. Then I quit Ian & Sylvia and started the "Rhythm Rockets" with several friends (1972), then I left Toronto for a while for Woodstock N.Y. (1973-74) and joined a band called "Jook" - I still believe in "Jook" but for various reasons it just never took off.

I came back (to Toronto); played with the "Rhythm Rockets" again and then I joined Maria (Muldran) (1975) and I played with her for the better part of a year.

(Coming back to Toronto sometime in 1976) I started the David Wilcox band and then (it became) "David Wilcox & The Teddy Bears" (and that brings us up to now).

D.W.: I've done a little outside session work for Sylvia Tyson etc. But generally I don't. As I get more & more into my own style or playing (guitar) I'm not a particularly great session player - If you get called into the studio you've got to be able to sound like this or that at the drop of a hat and I sound like me and that's all. But that's what I've worked on.

I took a lot of vacations there in between the hands - you know it's a real trip running a band and doing what I do. It took me awhile to get into the groove of doing it so that it felt comfortable. You know, at first there were a lot of difficulties and I've since learned how to happily cope with most of them.

But at the time, I never took vacations during the work periods, now every 6 or 8 weeks I take a week off to make sure I stay insane. Otherwise, I'd become sane if I worked too hard.

E.M.: Last year was pretty rough on you was it not?

D.W.: Yeah, well I overdid it last year - I broke a ligament in my foot for example, and I was in a bad head space at the end of it all. Now, since I started this band (Oct. '77) I've been in a great head space and that hasn't changed because I take a week off every once in a while - and I just goof around or boogie a little in my own way; tune a few parakeets; fly some balloons and generally, refresh myself.

E.M.: Back in the 60's, were you into the folk scene?

D.W.: Yes, very much so, my idols then were Doc Watson (a great mountain folk player) and Robert Johnson (one of the all time greats of traditional Blues) and I could play both of their first albums just about note for note and cut by cut. As far as guitar goes - I learned directly from those records. I learned from John Herald who played with Ian & Sylvia at first - those were my big idols on acoustic guitar.

On electric guitar I guess I was into Freddy Roulette and B.B. King, you know, the (modern) Blues players.

E.M.: How about Jimmie Rogers? (The Chicago Blues Player of the 50's; not the "Yodelling Brakeman" of the 20's & 30's who was the Jimmie Rogers). Well, I was into Muddy (Waters) in the 60's - just listening. Jimmie Rogers was a good guitar player but I never followed what he did. Those records - Earl Hooker & Freddy Roulette were the guys I followed in Chicago Blues and Muddy Waters of course - one of the giants. There are a few tales about you and Leon Redbone around Toronto, could you tell me about him and about the song "Walking Stick" (by Irving Berlin)?

D.W.: I met Leon around 1967 and "Walking Stick" was later - about 1969 - I used to go to the Salvation Army Store at Jarvis & Richmond and they had 78 rpm records for 2 cents each, and I used to buy a whole pile of 'em and I bought "Walking Stick" 'cause it had Louis Armstrong on it. And when I played it - Holy Cow! It is a great record! All it has is Louis' trumpet and one of the Mills Brothers plays guitar and they imitate an orchestra, oh it's fantastic! And when I heard it I learned it. Then it struck me that Leon would sound great singing it; so I sat him down one day and said "look - learn this!" And I showed him the chords.

E.M.: Was Leon a guitarist yet then, or did he stick to his harmonica?

D.W.: Well, he played the harp better than he played the guitar but he was really getting into the guitar. By himself, he didn't play harp too much - he and I were a duo for a little while - and he'd play the harmonica almost all the time. Every set near the end he'd do a couple of songs and I'd just sit back or play along a bit, but he played the harmonica.

E.M.: Anything like Mose Scarlett and Jim McClean today?

D.W.: Perhaps I have not heard them together lately - It was sort of a toned down version of what each of us does now I guess. We were both just learning our styles. Oh Leon was always a nice man to work with. I don't really have anything unusual to reveal about Leon - I never asked him where he was from or anything, I don't know the answers to those questions. He did get an awful lot better at playing the guitar as I knew him. When I first met him he didn't play much guitar and I showed him some, and we'd sit down with a Blind Blake Record and figure stuff out - I remember him singing a Bob Dylan song and then sort of finding his style.

E.M.: Is that when he started his image of being aloof & mysterious?

D.W.: No, he started that from the first - when I first met him. Sure, I don't think he's from Toronto I think he sort of came to Toronto with the idea of doing that (creating the Leon Redbone character). Yeah, I think he came from somewhere else.

E.M.: What kinds of Folk Clubs were in Toronto then?

D.W.: Grumbles, very few Coffee-Houses - we did not make a living at it - we played whenever we could. We played Fiddler's Green and Grumbles - just those places.

E.M.: Where was the Yorkville Folk-Scene I heard about?

D.W.: Well, you see the Folk Music went out of Yorkville quite early - there was the Riverboat and the Mousehole, as I recall, and they were the only ones who had it - but after '66 or so discotheques with Rock & Roll just took over - just Bang! - "Luke & The Apostles" (Luke Gibson, who with Keith McKie went on to form "Kensington Market"). E.M.: You mentioned the "Sex Pistols" on stage, what do you make of them?

D.W.: I think that they're great - they have sincerity, and they're fresh.

E.M.: I'll say they're fresh - but doesn't punk-rock disturb you at all?

D.W.: Well, I'll admit some of their antics are a bit much - but that's standard - it's publicity, it's sensational, but these folks are bringing back Rock with Pimples don't you see? Rock has become too smooth and clean, showy; and they're getting back to basics - yeah - it's like Rock with Pimples! ooo I don't watch TV much, I don't even own a TV and it's great - it makes you do things - you know, you don't just sit down and flip on the box - when you get home it makes you play an instrument or read or think. I like it a lot better. I've been on the road with musicians who just watch wall to wall TV - who left it on - they got into the hotel room and turned it

they got into the hotel room and turned it on for a week - even when they go out they leave it on...

E.M.: What kind of moustache wax do you use?

D.W.: Pinaud - It's made by French cosmetician Gilbert Pinaud. Actually - I use grease from Bear's Arm-pits - It's very hard to get - bears have ticklish armpits and they don't like having grease removed.

E.M.: A lot of your Rock Act reminds me of Spike Jones - Do you listen to "Spike & his City Slickers?"

D.W.: Well, I have - It's possible I've never thought about him as an influence - Generally Lawrence Welk is the largest influence on that - I used to memorize his raps. Yeah, I love Lawrence. I used to watch him on TV - He's great, got a great groove - and he never blows the groove - there's never anything funky - never any pimple. I saw somebody's ass once on his show but it was very unplanned - I did, I did! ... But Lawrence; he's got his groove like Robert Johnson - He doesn't blow it. So things like - "It's no fun being a sourpuss with the ones you love" - Lawrence actually said that. And as you know, I have my band say it when I sell "Teddy Bear" tablets - I say they're a laxative - but Lawrence actually said that.

And he reads cue cards - He once called World War One "World War Eye" - "Here's a song from World War Eye: (David does his Lawrence Welk impersonation). And I read his books - I read his autobiography. Lawrence Welk is like a Blues singer - seriously - because Lawrence grew up on a farm, very poor. And he played the accordion by ear - somebody once said to him "Lawrence, you're pretty good on the accordion, but you're not as good as your father - you don't have his beat". His dad played dances too.

E.M.: being a Blues player myself I always wished I could meet some of the old greats but most of them are dead now - Did you ever get to know any of the Blues men?

D.W.: I didn't meet that many but the main one I knew and hung around with was Bukka White (who died last year) and I bumped into or shook hands with obvious survivors like Son House, Howlin' Wolf (died last year), Muddy Waters, but no long or deep friendships though...

E.M.: Lonnie Johnson - one of the more famous Blues guitarists and Jazz singers lived in Toronto for a while.

D.W.: Yes, and I always wanted to know him but never got around to it - I knew he was Lonnie Johnson, but I didn't know he was from New Orleans; that he was one of the leading guitar players of early New Orleans in the 1920's etc. I'd have loved to know him 'cause I'm fascinated with that style and era.

E.M.: A few years ago I fell in love with Blues music very suddenly - How did you come about it?

D.W.: Yeah, I horrified a Robert Johnson album and I liked Blues a little (this was when I was 16 yrs. old). I was borrowing it 'cause I had heard he was a really good guitar player and the guy who was lending it to me dropped the needle in the middle of a cut and I heard 3 notes and that was it, man; for years I idolized the man (Robert Johnson) totally and tried to copy him 100%. I tried to learn everything he did, it just hurt a hole in me, and I wore out copies of his records.

E.M.: How many records exist of Robert Johnson? (Robert Johnson was murdered in 1939 and left very few records of any kind behind)

D.W.: Only 29 songs, and a few outtakes. I idolized



that guy, used to copy him. And now there's a photograph of him - I've never seen it - but the guy who has it wants five thousand bucks for it! But there's supposed to be a photograph of him. So anyway, when I was a teenager, flunking royally in school, I used to copy Robert, get into Blues heavily.

E.M.: I've also heard you play Django Reinhardt on stage - (Django Reinhardt was one of the greatest swing and jazz guitarists ever)

D.W.: Yup, I've listened to a very large amount of music - and I don't say that lightly - I've listened to an awful lot.

E.M.: I've heard of your legendary record collection - Do you still keep it?

D.W.: Nope, gave it all away. Heh, Heh.

E.M.: Even the 78's?

D.W.: No, I still have some 78's in my mom's basement, but I got so many records that I couldn't do anything with them - I mean what you gonna do for the rest of your life - travel around with a wall full of records? Now I feel free, I just listen to what I really like, and I don't keep as many records.

E.M.: Tell me about the night you met some kid in a freight car in the Rail Road Yard and taught him the guitar.

D.W.: (Laughs) ... Um, Oh well, Oh Colin (Linden) - A very, very talented person, I think he's got the raw talent to do anything he wants - anything. As for that night, I don't remember much of it - but I won't deny it.

E.M.: Does the name "Golden Hamsters" mean anything to you?

D.W.: Oh, the Hamsters concert (St. Lawrence Hall, March, 1977) - we were going to get a giant wheel and feed sacks - Colin Linden and Joe Mendelson and myself and we called ourselves the Hamsters - you know - get hamster costumes and play and sing together.

E.M.: Did you consciously work at building up an image for yourself?

D.W.: Sure, slightly, not to the point of tailoring everything I do or say though. Like any kind of entertainer, you find things that work and stick with them, from Charlie Chaplin or Down. But my style of entertaining is a "jammed" style, its not as if I read books and practiced at home - it's just grabbing audiences in bars night after night. That's how I developed it - which is the best way there is I think.

E.M.: Do you feel Schizoid at all, playing Rock on one stage and Folk Blues on another - running two lives - or does it blend?

D.W.: Sometimes I do, no, they could blend but not the way things are (now). I mean I wouldn't want to play Rock and Roll here at the Groaning Board; and at the Knob Hill - well ... Some people came down from the Knob Hill (Bar) to the El Mocambo to see me and it's a kind of younger male crowd (The Knob Hill crowd) and all the other folks at the El Mocambo were sitting there rather sedately 'cause the El Mocambo crowd is very polite (and I like it, I like them both - I like the boogieing crowd and the polite one) - anyway these guys came down and they were sitting near the front and I took out my acoustic guitar and they said "Hey Dave! Dave, you brought the wrong guitar!" And they stole my strap later on when I was off stage ... Just incredible stuff! And it wouldn't blend too well in the type of work I'm doing now, but ultimately I want to play like that and do concerts that combine both. That's my aim as far as style of entertaining.

E.M.: How about reording?

D.W.: Well, I'm working on it, but it's slow going I know some amazing people, I mean these two-bit managers come up to me and say: "Hey, I've got these contracts, kkk", and I can phone several A & R (Artist & Repertoire) Directors (Who are the people who decide whether you get hired or not) or North American Record Companies in L.A. and New York and they'll say "Hi David, How you doin'?" But I don't get a record deal from them. I've been offered a couple of really crummy deals - not by major companies. But I believe enough in it so I'm gonna keep working the way I am at it and I believe I will get a fairly good record.

- They talk to me and they listen to what I do, but they just don't know what to make of it.

E.M.: Do you feel any loyalty to the Canadian Music scene?

D.W.: Not to the music scene, to the people in the country I feel a tremendous loyalty. I've lived in the U.S., I don't want to - I like living in Canada and I'm going to continue living in Canada no matter what.

E.M.: Well, I was referring to folks like Bruce Cockburn who definitely want to stay here and play to the Canadian audiences.

D.W.: No, people are people; my first loyalty is to the human race. People are people everywhere and there's ten times as many in the U.S. that I really want to go down there and play to. But I love Canada and I love being a Canadian and I feel a loyalty that way. The music scene is too insular - Oh, don't get me started on that, I'll get up on my little soap box ...

E.M.: Well, why is that?

D.W.: Why? I think that the Canadian content laws are very bad - They're great for people who want to buy caddilacs and swimming pools and I know lots that have done that. But for people who want to develop good music it's necessary to



ELI MARCUS

have interchange with other music groups of people. I brought some American musicians in just to have them work in Toronto a few weeks - not because they were better - they weren't - but just to do it - they were old friends - and the union penalized me severely. Oh, it was incredible what they did, and I wound up paying \$600 to play one week and that was the only week they'd allow us to play. And then we found a loop hole and we played the rest of the weeks too; but the thing is that the union makes it very hard.

E.M.: Yes, I've heard a lot about the Toronto local of the Musicians Union.

D.W.: It's extremely powerful, and if I say anything against it they can fine me \$1000 ...

E.M.: You're kidding!

D.W.: ... If I say a slight thing against them, yeah.

E.M.: Yes, I've heard stories of the union and I've heard that it hinders many musicians.

D.W.: It depends on the attitude, but the whole point is - if you're a professional you can't work without it - every decent club is union - you know that - the toilets at the El Mocambo - there's gonna be a \$1000 for that one! - The toilets at the El Mocambo are union. I mean you can't get in anywhere if you're not in the union (I might as well make it a thousand dollars and earn my thousand bucks).

E.M.: Well, I'm serious about it -

D.W.: And I'm serious too in the sense that I say they have it all sewed up - so I'm a union member and they've fined me and spanked me, and called me names so I just go on payin'



my dues and singin' the blues.

E.M.: Well, world wide today the unions question has become -

D.W.: Very serious ... My personal opinion is that the unions were originally formed to protect the little man from the big conglomerate - and now they've become big conglomerates! The president of the Musicians Union earns fifty thousand bucks a year (in the States) Now what's he doin' that for?

E.M.: Who comprises the union?

D.W.: They are former (ehuckle) musicians - put: (Former - ed.) - and I don't know what they play - most of them are older. I can't tell you much about them. It's not an arcane organization like "I will burn it I ever reveal the secrets of the Cosa Nostra". I'm not a Political crusader so I join because I want to play and sing for a living and you have to do that if you want to play & sing for a living in Toronto.

E.M.: Some friends of mine were trying to start a publication called "Woody: where have we gone wrong" referring to Woody Guthrie who fought to promote unions for people's sake in the 1930's and 1940's.

D.W.: Sure, well I'm sure they'd get a lot of support for that ... Hint! Hint!

E.M.: Can you define Blues and Ragtime for me?

D.W.: Um, I, I don't think I have the authority to tell you that - I think your ears are the best historians. If you listen to it your heart will tell you the Blues is sort of sad songs ... I'd rather just stick on a record and just say "That! That's the Blues!"



E.M.: Could you give me your opinion on "Revivalists" - White folks trying to play traditional Blues?

D.W.: Most people who imitate a style - and I'll include myself in this happily - who imitate any style at all (has nothing to do with colour or anything like that) - that they didn't grow up in sound like imitations and don't have the original feeling behind it. I don't care if you're Canadian singing Israeli Folk Songs or whatever - It's obvious that a person who grew up in Israel and spent their whole life soaking in the feeling around them would sing it with more authority and feeling. And it's a rare exception that can puncture through that. The thing that people have to do (and this is my personal attitude towards all Root Music which is my favourite kind of music - Blues, Country, etc.) - is that you have to take it and do something with it. To express yourself in it; it's not enough to learn a Bukka White song; It's not enough to just learn the song and do it and then change the arrangement slightly - You have to put some of your own heart's feeling into it and that's the only way I think it's valid. And that's not a rule - your ears make the rules if it really moves you or not.

E.M.: Well, Thank you very much.

D.W.: Arrright!



STEVEN  
NOON MAR. 1<sup>ST</sup>.  
innis town hall





## CHAPLIN

Well we've lost one, in fact we've lost the greatest, Charlie walked out of our lives Christmas day. The old english vaudevillian is dead.

He left us with much, yet didn't the world seem a funnier, safer place just knowing he was in it?

In my livingroom there is six feet of Charlie Chaplin poster perched over a sofa. A movie poster. Charlie is sitting on a chair, leaning on a cane, lookin' as if he hasn't got a friend anywhere. In the Chaplin myth he never did have a friend did he? He had a special walk though that even mimiced his frame flicking 'reel' world of the movies. The lonely little tramp was always out searching for love, friendship, and perhaps just a bit of conversation but never quite found any. Unlike the rest of us it never really bothered him, he would doff his hat, twirl his cane and he was off down the road again.

The little tramp could make us laugh, and forever realize that no matter how bad we thought we had it he had it worse but he kept flashing back in technicolors. Nothing got him into a black mood. Nothing defeated him. He was never going to make it but that never stopped him from trying. He got us laughing at things that if they had happened to us would have made anybody wail with outrage.

True clowns don't appear often and of necessity they come from a place that most people lock away and are terrified to explore. Clowns come from the deep part of every one of us that pines, hurts, grieves. A part we usually feel very serious about hiding from the rest of the world. The great clown Chaplin made a way for it to all hang out up front. And we laugh. His child-like communion with fellow crew on spaceship Earth is magic.

The music of the clown is vibes and interval, a body language. Moulding a non-verbal speech to become something he alone owned, Chaplin then performed perfect dialect to the rhythms of a new vernacular mythology: THE FILM CAMERA.

A brilliant Chaplin performance is a fusion of man, myth, and the real world of mythologies all about him.

A few days ago I was riding in an old green Japanese car that doesn't start well in the rain...

**Balso Snell**

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## Mrs. Wyndam Lewis Benefit Fund URGENT!

Department of English



January 4, 1978

PRINTED WITH THE PERMISSION OF DR.  
MC LUHAN

Dear Professor McLuhan,

Perhaps I am approaching you about a matter with which you are already familiar? A few days ago I learned from Mrs. Wyndam Lewis, assistant to the curator of the Lockwood Library Poetry Collection in Buffalo, New York, that Mrs. Wyndam Lewis is very ill in hospital and practically senseless. As a person interested in twentieth century literature, I was saddened and disturbed to hear of her plight. According to Mrs. Wyndam Lewis and my colleague Frank Davey (who has recently edited Lewis's first novel for publication), Oscar Pound is trying to form a group to look after Mrs. Lewis's interests.

It occurred to me that there might be people at the University of Toronto who would hear of Mrs. Lewis's difficulties with sympathy and your name was the one I could attach to that of Wyndam Lewis most readily.

None of us at York has any practical suggestions at the ready, but I remember you from my happy times in your graduate seminar fifteen years ago, as a man of generous sympathy as well as innovative thinking. If you can suggest any persons or foundation who might be approached or any activity that might be organized to relieve Mrs. Lewis's situation, I'm sure your efforts would be appreciated. If you are already aware of her circumstances, please accept my apologies for troubling you.

Sincerely,

James O'Brien Lewis  
Associate Professor

During her recent illness Mrs. Wyndam Lewis has been confined to a nursing home. The care she is receiving costs from 6-8 pounds more per week than the English medicare system allowance. This may not seem like a great deal of money but obviously every little bit will help.

The Innis Herald is therefore setting up a benefit fund to help cover the medical expenses of Mrs. Lewis. Cheques may be made out to BENEFIT FUND c/o THE INNIS HERALD. Receipts will be provided and money forwarded to Mrs. Lewis by York U. Professor Frank Davey, Editor of the recently published "Mrs. Dukes' Million," Wyndam Lewis' first novel.

Coch House Press, the publisher of this book is situated just behind the Innis College Puh in Stuh Lane where this edition may be purchased for 20% off the regular price. Mrs. Lewis holds copyright on this book so further sales might spur on a second edition for which she would receive advance royalty — purchasing the book is a way of helping.

A benefit lecture is also being considered. Further information may be obtained by calling 978-7463.

Donations should be delivered to:

The Innis Herald Benefit Fund  
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Toronto  
M5S 1J5



# The INNIS HERALD

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"Finally we must keep in mind the limited role of Universities and recall the comment that 'the whole external history of science is a history of the resistance of academics and Universities to the progress of knowledge' "

— Harold Innis



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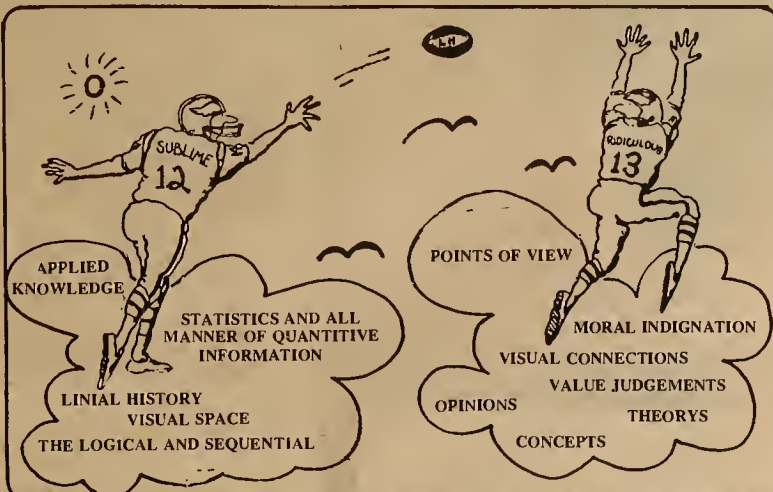
GET A JOB!

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NAW NAW!

Innis College recently hosted a conference on unemployment (January 21, 1978). During this entire meeting nobody mentioned the formal cause (as opposed to efficient cause) in society making unemployment surface as a problem. In a world enveloped in electronic services, the job world ceases to exist. There are no more jobs! There cannot be, without a great deal of effort, and

going against the grain, a JOB in an electronic age. A society dependent on instant electronic services will not recognize the centralized hierarchy necessary to supply satisfactions to the job-holder. The age of the "job" actually ended with the invention of the telegraph. As soon as

Mr. Businessman, the manager of Roigt Industries' Branch plant in San Francisco discovered that all he need do was press a button to command whatever supplies he wanted from wherever he wanted; he asked himself "why should I be dependent on Head Office in New York for stock?" And, with the push of a button, he opened his own business. Centralization in the business world collapsed. Still, dying hard today, the centralized job world is trying to utter its death rattle. Will we let it? Instant and total electronic services now make each man head of his own Corporation, tribal man again, independent hunter dependent only on the new communal electronic services. In a figure-ground relationship "man is a figure in a social ground". (I.H. Oct. 25, 1976 interview with Marshall McLuhan) In detail, man in 1978 is a figure in a social ground surround of electronic services; and this ground demands he play a role, be his own character and not "hold a job". This ground or situation is new and that fact cannot be exaggerated. There has never been an electronic man before. To end confusions and frustrations in lost identities which come from progress and change, require new solutions to suit the problem but almost always only old solutions are applied to new problems. The problem ceases to be a problem the moment it is understood; THERE ARE NO MORE JOBS AND THERE IS NO SENSE IN PRETENDING THAT THERE CAN BE. SIMPLY BY FORCING THEM INTO EXISTENCE THEY ONLY DISAPPEAR!



(Winter works programmes, grants and subsidies to huge corporations etc.) It is an exercise in futility and sentimental nostalgia to lament the passing of the job world into obscurity. No amount of complaint to union or corporation or government is going to bring the job world back into existence - it's gone for good at electric speeds. Each man now is his own corporation. Home is now Head Office. That is, all work can now be organized electronically from home. That is not to say that it has to be this way but it is reality. Working for oneself at least within walking distance of the home is common to most of man's history on this planet. It was only with the coming of the mechanical industrial revolution energized by the printing press & paper supplies, that men and women began to acquire a livelihood away from their mates, home and family by way of the "JOB" or, as H. Innis might describe it "wage slavery".

Women's liberation with its emphasis on the 'career girl' is a rear-view mirror nostalgic desire to retain the obsolete job world whilst turning homes into hotels. The two job 'family' provides obsolete cannon fodder (jobs) for industry and commerce. This 'barbie' package is euphemistically termed "equality". — as James Joyce noted "past times are now past-times". For 300 years both men and women have experienced fragmented ripped-off lives as wage slaves in a mechanical society. But the ground has shifted. It is no longer mechanical but electronic. Does it offer anything better? It is not worth qualifying the electronic age, but it is worth examining. Users of electronic technology, are the content of that technology. The user is the 'content' of any media. The user of the telephone is the content of the telephone; the user of the motor car is the content of the motor car; the user of television is

## DIAGRAM OF EFFICIENT CAUSALITY FIGURES WITHOUT GROUND

Marshall McLuhan has often pointed out. As the user of the telephone, a person is the content of the telephone and therefore is living at electric speed, the speed of light. And takes on all the characteristics of traveling at that speed. The user is 'on the air' everywhere at once. Electronically, the sender is 'sent' minus his body - electronic man (mass man) has no body. As an effect of the rise and fall of nature" (I.H. 1981 & NO. 2 OCT. 1978) by Marshall McLuhan.

fect or ground, he is a nobody. And as everyone knows, the job-holder has to feel "like a somebody". This is a light way of saying that the electronic ground of services has destroyed all the categorized notions of the fragmented job-holder, all hierarchies and all centralized structures so necessary in maintaining the identity of the 19th century job world.

Speakers like Mel Watkins, U. of T. Professor, Toronto Alderman Dan Heap and Ontario Federation of Labour President Cliff Pilkey, at the Conference of Unemployment, gurgled on only of 'efficient cause' in discussing the unemployment problem. Their observations were merely quantitative, and political opinion. These men live in a world of statistics, that is, the world of the figure only, efficient causality. They have never examined the ground of effects, the formal cause of their particular headache. Efficient causality asks only "what does it do"? Is it quantitative, easy to see? "There are 300 people who have worked here" etc. And from this and mountains of like statistics, judgement and point of view are formed. They look at the figure not the ground. Formal causality however examines all hidden factors that shape a situation but demands no judgement. A situation or ground is examined by an inventory of the effects on the user of a technology. In society ground (the effects) shapes and

determines all situations. In fact, the ground is the situation. To examine the figure without the ground is complete useless buffoonery, a put-on. A boring and comical symbolic exercise.

A symbol is an object or idea with its usual ground removed (i.e. this typewriter in a desert). At the Conference on Unemployment the social ground in which unemployment exists was removed ignored and never examined by anybody. These conferences are really terrific on statistics and point-of-view entirely abstracted from the situation in which the events they discuss take place. In this century only Harold Innis and Marshall McLuhan and a handful of other people have actually examined the situation, the formal cause (the ground of effects of man's technology on man) that causes society to be what it is. When it comes to understanding the situation mere statistics and opinions just won't do. Pilkey blamed big business, Heap blamed the government, Watkins thought prices were too high, and others observed that job making programs were a flop and nationalization was the answer. Moralists! Opinion factories! Nobody was willing to examine without opinion the effect our new technologies have on us as a society, the formal cause to events taking place. Without an understanding and examination of formal causality, paralysis and put-on is the most important and only product of unemployment conferences.

Given this new environment in which the technologies we use have been studied and the effects are at least available in the writings of McLuhan and Innis, what solutions might be suggested? OK, there are no jobs: so an alternate might be for each man to work for himself or in small groups. How might this be promoted? Could the government not take over warehouse type spaces in different sections of Toronto for example and stock

them full of new and used trucks, vans, tools, ladders, army surplus? ect. ect. and organize a sort of equipment loan program to encourage people to work for themselves? In a city like Toronto there is tons of equipment lying about in disuse that could be given to people to help them until they can make their own way. New equipment would have to be supplied and old equipment refurbished and might it be a better investment than UIC? These supply depots would be run by first class women gleaned from industry not 'lower case liberal' white collar workers full of bureaucratic notions and cost accountability. For this program would be one of action not of waiting and red tape hassels. A man might walk in and ask for a van and a ladder a bucket and some soap and immediately go out and be the president of his own window washing firm. There would be thousands of details to work out, how many months (18 perhaps?) could someone use the equipment? etc. etc. etc. Help in terms of advice tools and geared working environments rather than money! This same idea could be duplicated for any variety of roles in the working world. Newspapers, magazines & books for clipping and research services; sewing machines for seamstress; media monitoring services from the home for the CBC. In a way, make available a great pool of communal equipment to be used by people to help support themselves in an independent role until they can support themselves. A person who works for themselves is playing a role not holding a job.

All anybody has to do is to take the front page of any newspaper at face value to recognize that THE JOB WORLD IS OVER, THERE ARE NO MORE JOBS! A thorough examination of the formal cause, the ground or situation underlying society and the news in the same paper, seems to suggest: Total decentralization is a FACT OF LIFE in an electronic society. And to work for oneself would seem to be an activity that is decentralized. Therefore... would the above suggestions work or even be a help to people trapped in the unemployment bind? I don't know. Certainly this is not offered as a band-aid solution (JOB) but meant to imply an environment to help people today is one in which they might create lifelong roles or multiroles for themselves.

This type of 'help' structure is mentioned here not because "statistics point to it's being a success" but because an examination of the hidden electronic ground pervasive in the culture seems to suggest that such a plan, promoting decentralized labor, is an idea that might just be aright, on time. In synch with the ground rhythms Now! After all, it couldn't be more obvious, THERE ARE NO MORE JOBS!



## Canadian

# Cultures from Confrontation to Complementary

by  
Barrington Nevitt\*

Today, as we Canadians reach electric age, all-at-once and all together, we are called upon to remake our history without remembering what it used to be. Hitherto, unlike the British, who had 1060 AD *All Thai*,<sup>1</sup> we've had no "memorable history" and no national heroes like Washington and Napoleon that everyone remembers. What created Canada? At the beginning of this century, Canadian historian George M. Wrong noted that, "it was the weakness of the English colonies that they could not unite to work out a great plan."<sup>2</sup> By contrast, their French rivals fought and thought according to plan as they strove to take over North America's hinterland from the Indians, and to push back the British into the Atlantic. French expansionists, imbued with feudal loyalties and cultural ideals, came into conflict with English merchant-adventurers whose aims were purely commercial—the balance of profit on "the bottom line" of their business accounts.

Like the aboriginal Indians, the culture of French-Canadian settlers was predominantly oral, while that of English-American colonists was founded on the written word. Although the printing press was rigidly controlled by the authorities of New England, it was totally prohibited in New France.<sup>3</sup>

The "quiet revolution" of the Gutenberg press had stimulated the voyages of Columbus, Cabot, and Cartier, who rediscovered America for Europeans. As James Joyce perceived, the Royal Divorce of Thought and Feeling, initiated by Greek literacy, was completed by print which led to the Age of Reason. And the French revolutionaries of 1789 pushed the logic of Cartesian duality to extreme by employing *La Guillotine* to separate the heads and bodies of their political opponents. Napoleon finished this eighteenth-century business by applying the latest military "hardware" to establish his centralized European empire, scientifically, according to plan. For this purpose he created the first organization chart with "careers open to talents" based on technical performance. Napoleon learned to use *la gloire et la patrie* to reinforce his iron domination over the Continent. System as an economic weapon to confront Britain and her allies. By contrast, its successor, the European Common Market, is attempting to reduce such confrontations by reinforcing the complementary economic interests of former enemies.

The British political revolution of the 1650's had prepared the way for the First Industrial Revolution of steam and steel that separated hearts from "hands", and thinking from doing, in order to increase industrial output. The British created a multi-national naval empire, not according to plan, but empirically, to supply cheap raw materials and to provide markets for their monopoly-priced industrial products. Nineteenth-century civilization and "progress" established a society that reduced everything to market measures, where every soul had "his price. This society equated bigger with better to achieve world domination that "puts everybody into his proper place".

When colonial New France finally capitulated to Britain on September 9, 1760, it became occupied territory. But the imperial powers took three years more to decide her fate. The records of their negotiations for the Peace of Paris at the end of the Seven Years War show that the prizes at stake included: world trade and maritime supremacy, dominance in Europe, mastery of India, access to the Spanish American empire, and control of North America and the West Indies. Britain, who had also captured the French West Indies sugar-island of Guadeloupe, found during the negotiations that she could not keep Canada too. There was a long debate. Some merchants in England favoured holding the sugar-island, others wanted the fur-trade, but the plantation-owners in the British West Indies feared that a sudden increase in supply would spoil their sugar prices. There were also politicians in London who believed that keeping a French threat on the flank and rear of their American colonies would discourage unruly thoughts and urges to independence.<sup>4</sup> After summing up "the bottom line," the victors finally decided: "Let Guadeloupe go, and keep Canada."<sup>5</sup>

The struggle of the colonial *Canadots* against their old masters, *les Français*, continued against their new foreign conquerors, *les Anglais*, in the changing political situations engendered by the "spirit of '76" in North America and by the spectres of 1789 and 1848 that haunted Europe. Empirically, the British sought allies to maintain their rule through existing anti-revolutionary, feudal organizations of the French-Canadian Establishment. They also found support among British and European settlers, who had earlier gone West, and through United Empire Loyalists who came later.

When British military forces were finally tied down in Europe by Napoleon, the United

communication and transportation have wiped out the old identities of "civilized and progressive" nineteenth-century man and have led to this remobilization. The executive drops out as *all centres of power become marginal*: "THE UNPERSON is the inevitable result of improved communication. When all barriers of private consciousness are overcome, the resulting collective form of awareness is a tribal dream . . . . In an extreme bureaucratic or totalitarian regime there is intense conflict between the corporate tribal needs and the insurgent demands of private identities. These rebels are treated as unpersons in the new totalitarian regimes. Saints and criminals are in the same cell, and for the same reasons, as far as the organization is concerned. These 'mavericks' or 'originals' are the 'tragic flaws' in the corporate structures. Without them there can be no change for the better, only for the worse. When every body *fits in*, the result is total connectedness of the absolute logic that is *rigor mortis*. Only the flaws, or misfits create the needed gap or interval for resonance and "interface" and change or transformation through dialogue."<sup>10</sup> Like the wheel and the axle, the real action is in the gap, not the connection. If the gap is too small the action freezes, and if it is too large the wheel falls off. Opium/wheel depends upon finding the right kind and degree of separation.

Today, at its peak performance, nineteenth-century "hardware" gigantism has become adolescent, if not monstrous. Now, *Small Is Beautiful*.<sup>11</sup> Through electric speedup we retrieve old trash as new treasure, old villains as new heroes, and nationalism as a substitute for nationhood, as old dreams become new ideals. Pushed to extreme via electric media, WE become THEY and vice versa; centralism revives decentralism in all human organization. Separatism or *indépendance* is the dream of federalism in reverse: it is both a desire for revenge against ancient wrongs and an illusion that eighteenth-century "national sovereignty" can solve the universal twentieth-century problem: *how to reignite human scale and relevance in the inhuman world created by modern technology*. Today, at electric information speeds, all management foundations and costs/benefits analyses, built on assumptions of the bottom line, are visibly crumbling. *The old groundrules are reversing their previous effects in the new invisible media surround that rubs out old private identities*. The new nobody on the new frontier, like the old frontiersman, is daily forced to prove "who he is" through violence. On the other hand, all tribal identities and oral traditions are reinforced by the electric environment—none more than the French-Canadian and aboriginal Indian.

Canadian historian Ramsay Cook explains: "For many French Canadians: the past, and especially the Conquest, has always been part of the present. It is for this reason that one finds, repeatedly, statements by French Canadians, historians and others, about the 'presentness' of the past, and the usefulness of history to the present." As an example, Cook cites Abbé Groulx: "History, dare I say it, and with no intention of paradox, is that which is most alive; the past, is that which is most present."<sup>12</sup> But historians fail to explain that time compression by electric speedup has reduced history to myth—a timeless encapsulation of human experience. While still trying to think historically, we are living mythically with all times and places *now here*. Paradoxically, wider and wider access to faster and faster communication has led to less and less human understanding.

Meanwhile, businessman and bureaucrat, separatist and federalist alike, have failed to recognize the process patterns of the current situation. Unable to perceive the twentieth century in its own terms, they are inadvertently replaying *past times as pastimes*. For the hidden ground of Western culture has supplanted perception of human existence with concepts and theories that are "out of this world". Nineteenth-century Western technology homogenizes its users and their cultures alike. Paradoxically, when individuals brought up in an oral tradition (whether in Europe, Asia, or America) begin to adopt a visual culture by mastering hardware technology, they tend to go all the way—to become what they fought. Whereas the separatists conceive "the right separation" as "the right to hang loose," the federalists conceive it as "the right to hang on". But how "to keep in touch" is not a technical question; it is a quest for human understanding. As Blaise Pascal understood: *le coeur a ses raisons que la raison ne connaît point*. (The heart has its reasons which reason cannot understand).

The old groundrules assumed that individual points of view, with logical step-by-step progress towards definable goals in visual perspective, represented the "real" world. But information, travelling at the speed of light, now involves everybody in a total surround that

rather fight than change their private premises. For among them lurk the new "railroaders" and "thibackers". The present "hardware" world is in danger of total strike. Failure to understand the new laws of the new situation, manifested in the constant interplay of cultural mosaic, will inevitably lead to violence. Canada is no exception. One separation breeds another, while twentieth-century speedup generates *baste ground for divorce*. Today, regional revolution is a universal battlefield. Its clamour is heard not only in "tribal" Britain but also in "civilized" France, where six "nations" are now demanding "decolonization". Separatism will not vanish by referendum, but will intensify; for the sharpening conflict between oral and literate cultures is a fact of twentieth-century life.<sup>15</sup>

Jean-Marc Léger's essay on "This Country Which Will Be Known As Quebec" procclaims his belief that "national sovereignty is the only promise of salvation . . . it is the very essence of federalism that is wrong . . . for it accelerates the evil of centralization . . . the renunciation of life, and even, more or less consciously, the acceptance of progressive assimilation."<sup>16</sup> Léger shares the inability of his opponents to anticipate the effects of the Law of Implementation: that the new is automatically translated into the dead by application of the old means. Regardless of political intent, the bureaucratic medium becomes the message.

Robert Standfield notes that: "More and more Canadians are giving their first loyalty to some organization which is designed to serve their particular interest . . . . What is new and potent in its consequences is the extent to which groups are now highly organized to push their interests . . . . Confrontation tactics, playing one group against another, one region of the country against another, have added to the general sense of grievance and mutual distrust . . . . Nor is there any external menace strong enough to bring us together, although the determination to remain independent of the United States, both economically and culturally, is a unifying factor for many Canadians."<sup>17</sup> But in his speech to the Economic Club of New York at the end of January 1971, René Lévesque, who prefaces confrontation to dialogue, also dreams of achieving "quiet *indépendance*" by persuading the rest of Canada to adapt to its proposed changes rather than to resist them; for "resistance only paves the way for more violent and radical changes in the future". Are *plébeïques* leaders so naïve as to believe that what can happen to Canada could not happen to Quebec? Would they deny to others the "right to secession" which they demand for themselves? Such is the posture of a Neo-nostalgic Reactionary. As Nathan Glazer points out regarding "special status" in the context of contemporary U.S. society: "What we risk is a real Balkanization, in which group after group struggles for the benefits of special treatment on the basis of some claim—which too many can make—to discriminatory treatment to some degree, if not now then at some time in the past."<sup>18</sup> In Canada, we have not only the "two founding nations" and the "aboriginal nations", but also one-third of the nation as "ethnics" which are neither.

The very prominence of separatism is a sure sign of its obsolescence. Precisely when every body everywhere is becoming more and more interdependent, independence is becoming less and less possible for anybody anywhere. Separatism or *indépendance* is not merely a semantic question; it is a visible psychic effect of the hidden twentieth century milieu of instant electric information that is programming everyone subliminally. But as Kahlil Gibran understood, "love knows not its own depth until the hour of separation."<sup>19</sup> Today, there is no longer any choice but to *anticipate* the pattern of change itself: "All contemporary decision making confirms the habits of the past in reacting with a futile attempt to adjust. Reaction is the age-old attempt to adjust to the old, which is seen as 'present' and 'future'. At instant speeds all reaction and adjustment are inevitably too late to be relevant." "To keep up we must be far ahead."<sup>20</sup> The scientific systems of the technical age, like the calculations of the bottom line, have already become art forms, if not pastimes; for they are out of touch with twentieth-century needs: "Today's diadems, rights, left, and centre, try vainly to reduce the acoustic processes of our electric world to the visual confines of their nineteenth-century conceptual packages. They are terrified to drop out of their 'hardware' thinking to get in touch with 'where it's at'."<sup>21</sup> The old ideological and national drapings now yield to remaking a world where there are no outsiders and everybody is at home. "For the best part of a century, we have been programming human consciousness



When British military forces were firmly tied down in Europe by Napoleon, the United States declared war on June 18, 1812. In order to take possession of Canada and "liberate North America". Speaker of the House of Representatives Henry Clay declared: "We have the Canadas as much under our command as Great Britain has the seas." And Thomas Jefferson was sure: "It is a mere matter of marching."<sup>6</sup> In the critical battles which followed against the numerically superior American forces, the Shawnee, Mohawk, and Caughnawaga Indians played a decisive role.<sup>7</sup> After the exile of Napoleon to Elba in 1813, the full force of the British fleet was brought to bear against the American seaboard from Maine to Louisiana. Then, in August 1814, the British took revenge against Washington for the burning of York (now Toronto), Newark, and Sandwich in 1813. Finally, on December 24, 1814, the Treaty of Ghent brought the war to a close, but the Indian "Nations" gained no recognition whatever for saving Canada. The experience of invasion and plunder by occupying troops, however, gave birth to a sense of national solidarity among British and French-Canadian settlers. American violence thus created Canadian identity.<sup>8</sup>

While Canadians continued to struggle for independence against British colonialism, the threat of U.S. expansionism intensified, especially after President Lincoln's assassination. The Americans could count on substantial support from some of the leading Anglo-Canadian businessmen of Montreal who, with their eyes on "the bottom line", had issued a Manifesto in September 1849 literally inviting the United States to annex Canada. (Governor-General Lord Elgin was then ordered by the British government "to resist, to the utmost", any attempt "to bring about the separation of Canada from the British dominions"). Following the purchase of Alaska from Russia in 1867, Senator Sumner openly announced: "The present treaty is a visible step in the occupation of the whole American continent".<sup>9</sup> Such indications were decisive in getting London to accept Confederation proposals, which had begun to take shape in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. The railroaders equated railroading with politics and Confederation with "Bonanzaland". Canadian Confederation was engineered "from the top" by the political wizardry of John A. MacDonald and Georges-Étienne Cartier. However, the issue of recognizing the French-Canadians as a nation remained undecided. (The name "Confederation" itself reverberates Franco-Liberal desire for the looser union of a confederacy, while playing on the Anglo-Conservative sympathy with the Southern Confederacy). What emerged after the completion of Canada's transcontinental railroad was a strongly centralized federation (designed to resist foreign political, rather than economic, encroachments). We know that the "bottom line" held the Northern and Southern States of the Union together in the nineteenth century, but is that enough to hold Canada together in the twentieth century?

Whereas the old connections were established by the railroad, the new relations are created by jet and via media. Orwell's 1984 merely replays Chaplin's *Modern Times* which had already happened in 1934. The increasing speeds and ease of access to means of

information, travelling at the speed of light, now involves everybody in a total surround that has centres every where and boundaries nowhere — an accoustic space, as it were, with no goals and no private points of view whatever. Today's "reality" is a new global theatre that resembles an old tribal village. The familiar rules of gradual quantitative change break down as rapid qualitative transformation becomes the norm. Today, we can be at home everywhere yet feel at home nowhere, for we can never go home again. Paradoxically, the modern post-literate forms of instant change replay the ancient pre-literate modes in a simultaneous quest for unity and diversity.

The "primitive" Indians like the French Canadians portrayed by Claude Jutra's *Mon Oncle Antoine*, are thus more in tune with modern times than the "civilized" men of business or government, either in Ottawa or Quebec or any other city in Canada. The practical politicians, who now confront each other, still trust in the old "nuts and bolts" of power, programs, and procedures either to re-form or destroy Confederation merely by "reordering the priorities" (for example, the rate of unemployment versus inflation).

René Lévesque recently declared:<sup>13</sup> "We've always said we're open to dialogue, for the time being, so long as the dialogue gets a definition from the man who talks about it." *Péquiste* Lévesque obviously fails to perceive what *poète* Mallarmé recognized a century ago: "To define is to kill! To suggest is to create." But Lévesque is not alone, for United Nations politicians, appointed to keep the peace, are still unable to define "aggression". Thus Lévesque is actually proposing a "plague of lawyers", as a substitute for human understanding, to cure Quebec's ills. Although *péquistes* politicians are rushing toward separation according to legalistic plans, their Ottawa counterparts may reach divorce even sooner without any plan whatever.

Today, goals move faster than plans can change. And more than a decade ago, United Nations' Secretary-General U Thant pointed out: "It is no longer resources that limit decision. It is decision that makes resources. This is the fundamental revolutionary change." As thinking becomes doing, twentieth-century reality demands increasing participation by everybody to produce the necessary software. Meanwhile, separatist and federalist leaders alike still base their thinking on the vanishing grounds of nineteenth-century "progress" that has led to increasing partition of everything. The true "rationality" of the *péquistes* is now on display as they toss around figures without grounds to "prove" that Confederation doesn't pay. Where are the practical people who can lead us beyond "the bottom line" into the twenty-first century, by perceiving the complementarity of today's "wheels and axles" in human terms, rather than merely repeating the errors of yesterday's hardware thinking at computer speeds?

At the beginning of this century, first sea lord, Admiral Sir John Fisher demonstrated to British politicians the need for "visionaries, not actuaries".<sup>14</sup> Instead of argument that tosses old knowledge around to cover up ignorance, we now need dialogue that shares ignorance to discover new knowledge. We can no longer afford to trust those who would



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is at home: "For the best part of a century, we have been programming human consciousness with rituals and replays of the tribal unconscious. The complementarity of this process would seem to be the 'natural' program for the period ahead: programming the unconscious with the recently achieved forms of consciousness. This procedure would evoke a new form of consciousness radically different from former consciousness. Every body becomes a voluntary participant in creating diversity without loss of identity. Man is the content of the environment he creates, whether of 'hardware' or 'software', whether of consciousness or unconsciousness. There is therefore no technical alternative to 'humanism'; even though for many this would include the divine grace of the superhuman."<sup>122</sup>

Barrington Nevitt, Toronto, 1977

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The oldest known photograph - an eight-hour exposure by Niepce in 1822



## EXPERIMENTS

By LILIAN R. HAY



**HILDA** was fifteen. Her life had been crowded, full of incidents and experiences. She had had scarlet fever and two kinds of measles. She had climbed to the tower of the town hall and sat perched perilously out on the railing of the cupola until called down by the constable. She had been fished out of the river in February with a hockey stick. She had ridden in a circus parade. And she had fallen down two flights of stairs and skinned her knee. But so far she had never been in love.

She felt this omission keenly when she went to visit her cousin, Elsa, who lived in a long, low white house with a wide terrace, on the outskirts of the city. Elsa's grown-up sister, Karen, was engaged to an aviator, an instructor in the new airdrome on the other side of the river. The aviator was rather magnificent. He was lithe and strong; he had a keen, distinguished face; he had wonderful manners; and he had a breath-taking way of swooping down to kiss Karen's hand when he thought they were alone. Hilda watched them, fascinated. Before coming to the city she had looked forward eagerly to the street cars, and to the monkeys and the other queer animals in the City Park. But now these things held no interest for her. She was absorbed, spellbound, engrossed, by the spectacle of Karen and the aviator.

At the end of two weeks of intensive observation, Hilda discovered that, apart from the candid, carefree expression Karen usually wore, there were two special looks she had when the aviator was around; one for when he was looking, and one for when he wasn't. The one for when he was looking was a curious mixture of provocative coolness and smiling serenity under curving eyelashes (that was the look that sent him swooping down over her hand). The one for when he wasn't looking was quite different. Then Karen sat leaning forward, rapt, intent, adoring, watching his every move, hanging on his every word. The aviator never caught that look, of course. Hilda shivered to think of what might happen if he did. One night when she blundered out from the blazing brightness of the library to the darkness of the terrace she was startled by the sight of Karen's white throat curved against the stirring lilacs and a black shadow bending over it that turned out to be the aviator, with the moon balancing itself like a great golden hubble on the tip of his shoulder. It was very magnificent—enthraling. Hilda decided to fall in love without delay.

It was quite annoying, when she came back to the village, to find that there was practically no one there to fall in love with. Most of the high school boys were camping at the lakes or working on farms; the rest were in the city, working at jobs to keep them in spending money during the winter. There were the two bank

clerks—but they were insufferably stiff, pompous, self-important creatures. They considered anyone under twenty an infant; and they wouldn't swoop down to kiss anybody's hand. There was Gerald Potter, who worked in the printing office—but he was in short trousers yet, and he was always getting down on the floor to play with the meccano. It was most exasperating.

Hilda made two or three tentative attempts to enthrall the bank clerks and the juvenile Potter; then she became interested in the new hardware store that was going up on the corner of Main Street. She spent a great deal of time walking back and forth on the rafters and swinging out on the little derrick, while carpenters, with nails in their mouths, shouted at her to get down. When banished from the hardware store, there was the new diving-board at the river to try, Mrs. Cassel's new baby to wheel out, and the berries in the ravine to watch for. The village in which Hilda lived was in a valley, and Hilda's house stood just at the opening of the ravine that led up to the hills above. The ravine was an entrancing place in the summer-time. There were hawthorn blossoms in June, and choke-cherry and pin-cherry blossoms later on. Just now that ravine was a white mist of wild plum blossoms. At the end of a week Hilda had quite forgotten her decision to fall in love. The days swung by in charmed, unmemorial contentment.

Then one night, when she was riding home from her aunt's house in the country with Caleb Dunn, she suddenly remembered. It was dusk; the air on the hills was sharp and sweet with the odor of wild plum blossoms; and Caleb's head, as he was swooped down quickly to change the gears, had a sudden, a startling resemblance to the aviator's. It all came crowding back into her mind again—the terrace, the lilacs, Karen's white throat curved against the shadows, and the aviator, the moon perched like a great golden hubble on the tip of his shoulder—Hilda decided to fall in love with Caleb.

Caleb Dunn was a mechanic. He ran the electric light plant, and, in his spare time, tinkered at people's cars. He had a passion for machinery; and when Hilda's father had bought a new car in the spring he had been drawn to it as to an irresistible magnet. He spent an unconscionable time working over it, under it, or coiled up inextricably inside it—an arrangement that suited Hilda's father, an impractical man with a horror of machinery, perfectly. Hilda's father left the car strictly alone, except for one evening a week when he suffered himself to be taken out to the race track and given instructions on how to run it. There, undisturbed by the whirling confusion of the village traffic and the glaring proximity of the shop windows, he would clutch the

wheel with a look of desperation in his eyes, and drive slowly around and around, shouting, "What's that? What's that?" to Caleb's contemptuous injunctions.

Hilda had been rather taken by this contemptuous indifference in Caleb from the first. And he wasn't bad-looking. He had straight black hair, plastered flat down on his head, a determined, good-natured face, clear level eyes, a strong chin, but rather prominent ears. He wore blue flannel shirts, and his pockets always bulged with wrenches and car tools and odds and ends of machinery. Regarding him thoughtfully in the half-dusk, Hilda decided that, although he wasn't in the least like the aviator, he would have to do—for the present, at least. One could concentrate on the eyes and the chin and the wild plum blossoms and contrive not to see the ears.

She rather wondered how to begin. It was exasperating to think that she had never given the problem of a suitable beginning a moment's consideration. There was the look Karen used on the aviator—provocative coolness and smiling serenity under curving eyelashes—Hilda tried that look for three-quarters of a mile, totally without result.

At the foot of the first hill Caleb slowed down. "Notice that?" he crowed admiringly, "went down without a hitch, didn't she?"

He sat for a moment, awed and reverent. "Runs smooth as silk, doesn't she?"—his voice was caressing, worshipful—"just listen to that!"

He suddenly became aware of Hilda's intent regard. It gradually dawned upon Caleb that there was a situation to meet. Absorbed, totally immersed as he was in ideas about machinery, it took a long time for an idea relating to anything else to penetrate the outer rim of his consciousness. But once it had penetrated, lodged securely inside, it was there to stay. Caleb was a thorough young man. He turned off the battery, switched out the lights, and put an arm about experimentally.

Hilda gasped and blinked. Then, before she could stammer out that this was not at all what she had meant—at least, not for a long time yet, if ever—she was suddenly swung against the blue shirt, the tools, and the ears.

There was a ghastly interval, during which Hilda was seized with a wild regret that she had ever tried on Caleb the look with the curving eyelashes. If this was what being in love was like, then she must frantically and unmistakably did not want to be in love. It was so dismayingly different from what she had thought, so head-over-heels, so—disagreeable. Then, to her immense relief, it was over. The arm released her; and Caleb, with the air of one who has conscientiously performed an exacting duty, gave his attention to the car again.



Later, curled up in a red blanket on her cot in the sleeping-porch, Hilda decided that her first love affair had better come to an end. There had been no romance, no exaltation—only a profound discomfort. Looking out over the world of inky shadows and blazing stars, she tried to feel tragic and romantic and interesting, like the heroine of a story; but she only succeeded in feeling insignificant and ridiculous, like a little beetle.

Below, in the garage, the slave of the machine was performing the last rites and devotional observances of the day. When, at last, he emerged and closed the garage doors, he did not go out the side gate as usual, but along the gravel walk, close to the house.

"Hilda!" he called cautiously, in a low voice, "Hilda!" Hilda started violently and pretended not to hear.

"Hilda, come to the Beechnorth sports tomorrow?"

"No."

"Well—come to the show in Norette tomorrow night, then?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I don't know why. But I won't."

"But Hilda, tonight you—"

"No, no, no, no, I won't. I can't."

Caleb glowered invisibly in the darkness. If there was anything that upset him, anything that unspeakably irritated him, it was to have to stop and think about a woman (anything that had graduated from rompers to dresses was a woman to Caleb) when all he really wanted to stop and think about was machinery. You had to think about machinery. It was subtle, complicated, bewildering; it puzzled you, exasperated you, be-deviled you—that was what it was for. But a woman—well, there she was. What was there to think about? Caleb did not object to giving all of his time, thought, and attention to machinery; he drew the line at wasting any of it on a woman.

"Look here, Hilda,"—his voice was harsh, compelling—"you ought to—"

"No!" said Hilda desperately, "I won't. Go away!"

He took final leave of the situation the next day at noon, taking with him two of the best wrenches.

Hilda did not fall in love again until the second week in August. This time it was with Gregory Young, who was twenty-five, and edited the village paper. He was a thick-set, ponderously serious young man with near-sighted blue eyes and a high, narrow forehead. He was an ardent Communist, and he had only consented to edit the village paper for a friend of his while waiting for a post on a Communist paper in the city. All summer he had fretted, chafed, at not being able to write what he liked for the village paper. When he could hear the restraint no longer he would close the office and go over and argue with Hilda's father. They sat together for hours, shouting at each other through a thick cloud of tobacco smoke. Sometimes they pounded their fists on the table and roared; and once Hilda's father became so worked up that he banged his pipe—the expensive one his brother Tom had brought him from New York—against the arm of the chair until he broke it and the hot ashes fell over his knee. For half an hour after Gregory had gone he would walk rapidly up and down the sitting-room floor with his hands twisting and working behind his back, so incensed that he couldn't speak. As all his friends in the village were Liberals, like himself, Gregory Young was the only person whose society he could tolerate for any length of time. He shouted at him, contradicted him, shook his fist at him, and enjoyed his company very much indeed.

At first it did not occur to Hilda to fall in love with Gregory Young. She did not like him particularly. He seemed to her heavy, unimaginative, uninteresting. Not only that, but the only thing he ever cared to talk about was Communism. As soon as the conversation drifted to anything else he was uncomfortable, impatient, ill at ease. One night in particular he bored her until she was roused into really noticing him. He was sitting in a rocking-chair on the porch, arguing with her father. Hilda, out of breath after a romp with the collic on the lawn, sat on the steps beneath them, brushing the mosquitoes from her ankles and looking up at Gregory resentfully through the tobacco smoke. It seemed to her the height of stupidity to be sitting there arguing—arguing incomprehensibly, endlessly—with the magic of the August night around them. Was he utterly blind, couldn't he see, feel?—The rolling tides of talk swept over her, swirled around her, filled the black and silver night. Couldn't anything be done to stop it? She longed to tip his chair over, to do anything to startle him out of that ponderous seriousness and make him notice the beauty around them. The lilac leaves were sharp and black against the silver lawn; beyond the hedge the river glittered; and a light wind from the hill brought the drifting fragrance of burning leaves—It came to her like a flash, an inspiration: she would fall in love with Gregory Young.

Hilda was detached and experimental about it from the first. Leaning against the white pillar, with her eyes resting demurely on her upturned palms on her knee, she wondered which of the Karen looks she would try. The first one reminded her too much of Caleb and the tools. She decided to try the second look—leaning forward, rapt, intent, hanging on his every word. It was rather difficult to manage on account of the dusk and the mosquitoes and the tobacco smoke, but she managed it. At the end of twenty minutes of this intensive treatment, it seemed to her that Gregory began to respond. His

intonations were more sonorous; he talked faster, better, more convincingly. On the third evening he abruptly asked her to go canoeing.

Serene, composed, with her hair dressed in a way that made her look eighteen, and a borrowed green sweater that made her look at least twenty, Hilda sat in the end of the canoe and wondered what was going to happen next. So far everything had been disarmingly uneventful. Gregory had not shouted at her. He had been considerate and intermittently conversational and rather preoccupied. When they reached the island he seized some overhanging branches and pulled the canoe in between the large stones; then he adjusted his eyeglasses and began talking about Communism.

Communism was to Gregory Young his passion, his recreation, his religion, and his life. It meant even more to him than machinery meant to Caleb Dunn. It fascinated him, completely absorbed him—everything else was a blur. Usually he did not bother much with women. He could not take his attention off Communism long enough to be interested in one, and when his attention was not on Communism he could not be natural. His manner, when he discussed anything else, was affected, artificial, insincere. Women turned from his platitudes restlessly and were indifferent to him. At first he did not mind this, but later it filled him with bitterness. Light-minded, he called them, frivolous, incapable of giving their minds to anything worthwhile. But this young thing, Hilda, how different she was! So serious, so intelligent, and yet so ingenious, with candor and innocence and transparent eagerness. And that way she had of leaning forward through the tobacco smoke to listen to what he was saying—how delightful that was! Such a complete lack of self-consciousness. She must be very young—nineteen at the most. How strange it was he had thought her a mere child until quite lately! It was obvious that she was keenly interested in Communism. He had seen the intelligence in her eyes as she leaned forward through the tobacco smoke to listen to him. He would fan that spark of interest into a flame. He would teach her, train her, mould her to his will, and then—

Things drifted on indefinitely until the middle of September. There were intervals between arguments on the porch when his eyes rested on her thoughtfully, almost caressingly. There were canoe rides when he talked interminably of Communism and she listened, nodding intelligently, as if she understood. It was all very tranquil and intellectual and reassuring.

Then one evening, in the garden, he unexpectedly and terrifyingly seized her wrists and pushed her against the tamarack tree.

"You little thing!"—his voice was tremulous, eager—"you little thing! I know how it is with you. I've watched you. You may not know it, but you are in love with me, Hilda."

Hilda tried to grasp out a frenzied denial.

"We won't say much about it yet," He stroked her hair tenderly. "You are so young—seventeen, isn't it? Well, we can wait. But I want you to know that you belong to me, Hilda. You, too, will be a Communist. We are going to change things, you and I—"

She was dealened, bewildered, terrified by the impetuous torrent of his words.

It went on more or less like that for three days. Hilda was panic-stricken at the catastrophe he had called down on her own head. It was like being swallowed up in a net when all you wanted was to play with a little string. It was like— But she was too frightened to think. Several times she tried to tell Gregory that it was all a mistake, but the words would not come. On the third evening, when he was raving about Communism, she suddenly found courage to break abruptly into his impassioned talk.

"I can't. I can't. I mean—about us. You didn't understand."

Gregory paused and looked at her wonderingly. "What I mean is—I can't go on," she faltered miserably; "I am so sorry, but—this isn't what I meant."

What she did not mean finally dawned upon Gregory. The mist in his eyes that had been Communism faded away, and in its place Hilda saw only herself. He sat down on the garden seat and rested his head on his hands.

"My dreams!" he said in a shaken voice, "my broken dreams!"

Hilda could say nothing.

"My castle in Spain," he whispered hoarsely, "tumbling about my ears!"

Hilda, her first panic over, perceived that Gregory was only dramatizing himself, listening to himself, as he always did when he was not talking Communism. He was incapable of saying anything real, sincere about other things. His words had a ready-made, artificial sound, like phrases taken from books. Hilda looked at him coldly. She felt a sudden, a complete withdrawal of sympathy.

"I don't understand women," he said bitterly; "I don't understand women!" Then, in a blinding rush, came the storm of his stinging words. Before Hilda knew it, she was crying. It seemed to her that she had done an unspeakable thing to shatter this man's faith in women. A desperate and irrevocably ruinous thing. For a few minutes she experienced a most acute distress. She had a sensation of being jerked up suddenly to a high waste of devastating disillusionment where winds of desolation blew around and around her small, bewildered, and exceedingly hard young soul. She suddenly comprehended that Gregory's suffering was none the less real

just because his expression of it was faintly ridiculous; and that her performance was none the less ignoble and discreditable just because she couldn't foresee what was coming. Her swollen self-esteem shrank miserably; her calm superiority fell to zero with a sickening thud. Her ego was convulsed in throes of an acute and violent remorse. A wave of compassion swept over her; a longing to make up for it to Gregory somehow, to show him that she felt, that she regretted. Impulsively she leaned forward and touched his cheek with her hand.

"Woman!" he said harshly, thrusting it from him, "woman!"

He went abruptly from the coolness and the silence of the garden.

As his footsteps died away along the board-walk, Hilda's distress became less and less real and more and more histrionic. She began to luxuriate in her swiftly ebbing remorse, to feel a dim enjoyment of her rapidly drying tears. The memory of her ingominy, her reprehensible duplicity, laded from her mind; and in its place there was only a vague and faintly delicious melancholy.

"No," she said with calm dignity, addressing the tamarack tree, "I am sorry, but what you ask is quite impossible."

She was no longer a frightened child, gasping and wriggling and twisting her hands in an agony of embarrassment; she was a serene and experienced woman of the world.

"I never guessed, I never dreamed that you felt like this," she told the honeysuckle bush; "in our thinking we are worlds apart. You had better leave me." Her gesture of dismissal was superb.

"The fallacy of Communism," she went on, "is—the fallacy of Communism—" Her voice trailed off to a dreamy indistinctness. She was vaguely trying to recall something she had read in a newspaper. "Yes, you must go," she said conclusively, to the lilacs, "There is no other way."

Hilda shivered exultantly at her own sangfroid. If only she had been able to talk to Gregory like that, she thought admiringly. She sat for a few minutes on the porch steps, rapt, absorbed, overwhelmingly aware of the fullness, the richness of existence. Then she discovered that there was a kink in her neck from leaning against the white pillar, and that her knees were cold.

Hilda rose abruptly and went into the house. There was a light still burning in the kitchen. She went in there, blinking sleepily, and ate two bananas that lay on the top of the refrigerator. Then she knelt and opened the door of the refrigerator and looked in. Nothing much. Just a slice of ham and a chicken-wing and a piece of mocha cake and a dish of pin-cherry jelly and three oatmeal biscuits. Hilda ate these, indifferently at first, and then with eager and steadily increasing relish. When she moved the tin of jam her eye fell on something else. "Chocolate éclair!" she breathed rapturously; and, lifting it out, she sank her white teeth into its delicious crust.

Lilian R. Hay was born in Killarney, Manitoba, in 1895. She worked in her father's law office after one year at the University of Manitoba. For a time she taught school in Saskatchewan. In 1923, she gave up teaching and began to earn her living entirely by writing. A brave step in those days. Her humorous sketches and cartoons enlivened the pages of the Gohlin Magazine; while her poetry and short stories were published by The Canadian Magazine, and others.

The Editor of the Winnipeg Free Press, J.W. Daloe, persuaded her to review books, under the book editor, T.B. Robertson. Her column, THE BOOK PARADE was considered the most brilliant literary commentary published in English-speaking Canada at that time.

She was an ardent feminist, but never sentimental or dull.

For two years in succession, she was the only Canadian writer represented in an anthology of the best love stories of the year.

Scarlet fever in childhood had left her with a weak heart; she had been told that her days were limited, but kept this knowledge to herself. She died at the age of forty-six. A gentler, more loving, wittier woman I never knew.

BETTY CERA, SISTER OF  
LILIAN R. HAY







## A MCCARTHY WITH GREASE PAINT BY MIKE FISHER

I am very interested in advertising, especially subliminal advertising. I am also a sucker. So, when I purchased Wilson Bryan Key's first book, *Subliminal Seduction*, two years ago, I became a disciple. I couldn't get on a bus, or enter a subway, or walk down a street without pointing out subliminalities in billboards, magazines, even traffic signs. I was like Patty Duke when she has that moment of illumination in the *Helen Keller Story*: a live wire of awareness. I became a symbol junkie. I hungered for Rorschach ink blots. No message was so overt that it couldn't be exposed to have some latent significance, no image so simple that it couldn't be plundered for hidden meanings. And as my interest in subliminal advertising grew — nudging other past-times into obscure corners, gnawing into precious study hours — so did a creeping sense of paranoia.

Even the benign Glad Bag Man became subject to my over-increasing suspicions. A cassette tape, not yet a year old, yielded this hurried report of a Glad Bag commercial as I sat mute, transfixed, painfully aware that the rapt voice on the tape was my own.

Our imagination is pricked, painfully at first, as the calm, reasonable voice of the Glad Man outlines the problem which exists in our kitchen: the baggies. There's something wrong with our baggies.

However, as his discourse proceeds, the voice somehow acquires menace. The blood begins to well in this viewer's temples, the suspicion that something is amiss begins to congeal. The proposal is painstakingly reasonable, yet terrifying. We hear the even, resonant voice of the Glad Man bristle with madness.

Buried in the same drawer as the cassette tape was this note, scrawled in a nearly illegible, almost unrecognizable script.

"I am on a bus. There is a fat lady with rubbery lips directly across from me. She is grinning — with unconcealed distaste — at my nose. Unabashed, I steer my nose skyward, over her head to a horizon of advertisement. I can now see... a man. And a woman. They are seated at a table. They are smiling to one another because they know that the stupid, unsuspecting viewer is being subliminally manipulated. They are trying not to laugh. They are hoping that the photographer would hurry up and take the picture before they explode..."

And so it went. My fear of advertisements grew, painfully, into a full-fledged phobia. I was sparked by indignation; kindled by brittle distrust; and consumed by dread. Hours spent alone in my room increased, eclipsing all day-time activities.

Finally, clutching *Subliminal*

*Seduction and Media sexploitation* to my breast (to ad men what the gold cross was to Bela Lugosi), I locked myself in the attic. Away from the ads, away from the world, away from the subway and trolley and traffic sign, I produced this: *A Brief Dissertation on the Nimble Wit and Fierce Imagination of Wilson Bryan Key*.

It's the real thing.  
In the back of your mind  
What you're hoping to find  
Is the real thing.

--- advertisement for Coke.

Read as if listening to Rod Serling.

The jacket of Wilson Bryan Key's second book, entitled *Media Sexploitation*, reveals what appears to be a camera-shy young woman. She is nude—or naked—and is running to—or from—something. Or someone. (The photographer, no doubt). She (or is it he?), has her or his back turned, slightly, to the voyeuristic audience. Observe, if you will, the exposed right breast: Take care to note the conspicuous absence of a nipple. Do not panic when you discover that the hair you thought was blonde is not blonde, but a subterranean, sea-weed green. (Build up of eerie music. Pan upward from the book to your ceiling). For nothing is quite the same in the Twilight Zone.

Thank you, Rod.  
For this paragraph, conjure up your best Howard Cosell.

There has been a lot of talk lately, and I mean everywhere, concerning Key's theories. Undoubtedly, the big question in everyone's mind, mine included, is whether or not he is serious. Is this dizzy, dazzling display of dumbfounding intellectual dexterity a put-on or a sincere attack?

A point well taken Howard, but it merely serves to confuse the reader as to the intention of the author. Furthermore, it confuses the author as to the intention of the author.

"What?" you might ask, "is going on?" What, you might wonder, "is the point?" "Uh," I might answer, "Let's get back to the jacket of *Media Sexploitation*."

Is it possible that the exposed right breast is not a breast at all, but an artist's rendition of a breast? Is it possible that this artificial, nipple-less breast is a decoy designed to engage the curiosity of the conscious mind, giving the green hair time to slip in through the basement window of the unconscious? Is it possible that this photograph is a brilliantly executed seige of the mind, a Maginot tactic of an ad designed to manipulate the latent desire of all North Americans to dye their hair green, or at least own a green wig? Is it possible that somewhere Key has a warehouse full of green wigs and green dye waiting to be pushed on an unsuspecting public?

Probably not. But, as Wilson Bryan Key says, "The average citizen, as well as most social and behavioral scientists, do not know what is going on." "The secret has been well kept," he adds.

Well kept, indeed. If the average, every-day, joe-on-the-street-type guy doesn't know what's going on, and the guys who are supposed to know what's going on don't know what's going on, who then, besides Key, knows what is going on?

According to Key, subliminal techniques are in widespread use by the media, advertising and public relations agencies, industrial and commercial corporations, and by the federal government itself. But the use of these techniques is so secret that "one research executive who completed over 300 projects during ten years of working for large U.S. companies, never had a single project which he could publish or even publicly discuss".

One can imagine thousands of people groping their way out of houses and apartments into the early morning, blindfolded, waiting to be whisked away in unlicensed cars to unknown destinations. Will we ever witness the documentation of this daily event by television advertisers? (e.g. Eager young husband hurries out the door to his new job, orange juice in hand, but is called back by his wife, "Geo-orge, you forgot your blindfold!" "Oh yes. How silly of me to forget. How could I go anywhere without my blindfold?") It appears that Key is one of the few, or rather one of the many who knows what is going on. Well, what is going on?

To understand the gravity of Key's controversial accusations, and thereby understand what is going on, we must briefly explore a certain ideologic characteristic of Western society. Grab your boots. Here we go, into the quagmire.

Western society is grounded in liberal thought. It is a society organized and operated on the premise, that rational man, given a free and fair choice, is able to distinguish truth from error. Thus he is free to determine who shall represent him in the governmental structure in that he is given a choice of candidates, and he is free to determine what products will remain on the market in that he is given a varied selection of marketed goods to choose from.

As a young boy, John Stuart Mill was often known to remark recklessly from his seat at the dinner table that, "the only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community, against his will, is to prevent harm from others", to which his father would swiftly reply with a silent, civil howl to the poor boy's head. This almost rendered Mill deaf, and as an older man he was able to speak at great

lengths in Parliament without ever hearing the opinions of his opponents, let alone repeated requests for him to "sit down old fart".

(It is interesting to note that Mill was the only member of Parliament at that time who expressed a desire to wear a green wig. Many followers of Mill were derogatorily referred to as "Green Wigs" and "Ear Wigs", the latter term, I think, pertaining to Mill's ear affliction. Most of the people who participated in this harassment of Mill and his followers came, by and by, to be known as Tories, who were united in the conviction that Mill's ear affliction was not nearly as serious as he would have people believe, and he was just pretending not to hear what other people said).

More important, the significance of liberal thought when discussing the alleged crimes of the ad men is that man can distinguish the truth from the lie, given a free and a fair choice.

But "what if?" muses Key, what if we are not given a free and a fair choice? What if our minds are being invaded with techniques which we have no defence for? What if we are in an Orwellian society which relies on consumer surveillance to keep the Big Wheels turning?

Key creates in his books something subterranean, nebulous, inescapable, seemingly impossible to battle or confront directly: a Monster.

So much for the gravity of accusations. Let's get down to some of the mechanics of subliminal advertising, which involve the mechanics of the mind.

Key postulates that we have thirty-seven senses. This means that there are thirty-seven avenues to be exploited by nasty ad men. When we sift information, everything is fed into the brain's outer layer, or cerebral cortex. Small quantities of data are somehow edited into consciousness, and another portion is directed for storage into the subconscious. Much of what is deemed to be irrelevant information is given the cold shoulder.

Now consciousness seems to be the place where everything is happening, but it is bush-league compared to the subconscious. The subconscious is where sex and death hang out. It's the downtown of the mind: a labyrinth of dark alleys. Consciousness likes to keep sex and death and other seedy characters downtown, away from the suburb of society's little arc.

Whereas advertisers have to knock on the door of our consciousness, where we have locks and bolts and a little peep-hole, they often ring the bell and then slip into the subconscious via the basement window, an entrance most people aren't aware comes with the estate. Once they're inside, they push sex and

death and other fears and desires around until they're convinced that there will be repercussions — and results. There is an icy hand on the shoulder, guiding us through the corridors of everyday experience; and tickling the back of the neck is the faintly sour breath of a rapacious, disembodied voice, whispering: "Buy it. You'll like it".

Key feels that we are victims. Someone, or something, pulls the strings behind the curtain of the forehead, and we are obliged to reach out to the display shelf and into the pocket. Who, or what, is this Monster?

"Hitler's Nazi party succeeded in total thought control in less than a decade through careful direction of mass media. It has taken American (and Canadian), advertising agencies a little longer".

Manipulation through the use of subliminal techniques has transformed us into "mass produced robots...moving from work to stores to television to bed with occasional interruptions for food and beverage consumption, infrequently interrupted by sex". We move daily through a cafeteria procession of publicity images. Outside, billboards pass us by without a glance. Inside, a drum bangs slowly. Subliminal technique is designed to produce an emotional response which will familiarize the consumer with the product being advertised. At the subliminal level, either sex or death will insure an emotional response and some sort of identification with the product. Advertisements are engineered to avoid a response that is neutral or indifferent.

The technique most common to visual ads is embedding. Embedding involves the inclusion of emotionally loaded words or pictures in the background of ads. Undetected by the conscious, which views the ad slowly, lineally, the embeds are imprinted on the subconscious, which perceives the ad totally, instantly. The ad is swallowed whole by the subconscious in one slippery gulp. The conscious chews, ponders and moves on to another item on the menu.

The real message is often found in the background, where a meaningful, disturbing symbol might be hidden. An effective subliminal advertisement is a fascinating display of visual rhetoric. We are double-talked: not merely expertly persuaded, but spoken to on two levels.

We are given the old soft shoe, which later creeps up from below and gives us a swift, savage kick toward the product being advertised.

However, many people find Key much more disturbing than anything that might be hidden in advertisements. How should one react to a man who unashamedly accuses the Ritz company of subliminally etching the word sex on each of its crackers?

With unabashed respect and enthusiasm. Key is a McCarthy with grease paint; a clever and erudite Sherlock Holmes engaging us in a fantastic shtick. William French observed in the *Globe and Mail*, "He's likely to remain a ragged prophet with blazing eyes wandering in the wilderness".



Wilson Bryan Key



SIGNET-451-J6148-\$1.95 ⑦

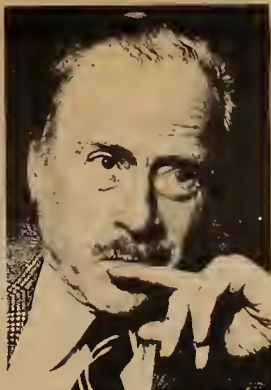
# SUBLIMINAL SEDUCTION



HERE ARE THE SECRET WAYS TO THEN AROUSE YOUR  
DESIRES—TO SELL THEIR PRODUCTS

BY WILSON BRYAN KEY

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY MARSHALL McLUHAN AND  
A 16-PAGE INSERT OF REVEALING PHOTOGRAPHIC IMAGES



DR. MARSHALL McLUHAN.

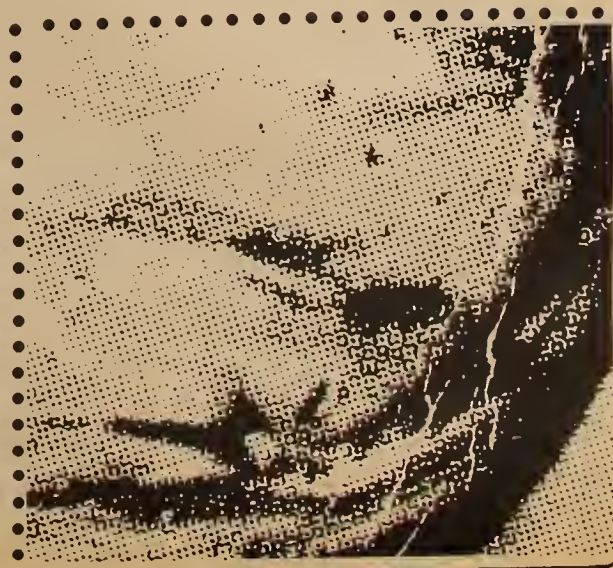
CON HALL  
MAD-AD cubism

One of the most surprising and revealing comments that Dr. Wilson Bryan Key made during his talk at Convocation Hall on Feb. 18 was that the cover of his book Subliminal Seduction (paper edition 1.95 Signet) uses subliminal techniques. This fact apparently caught Dr. Key completely unawares. Months after its release a student approached him with the observation — he then took his publisher to task to little avail. Inspection of the paperback cover revealed the usual, sort of. The cover photo is a glass of gin or vodka and some ice with a twist of lemon. The top ice cube contains a gully ashamed shocked or pained person, perhaps the active partner in an anal intercourse episode if you link up this image with the image in the cube directly underneath. Ok! Ok! Ok! you don't want to buy that. Right! Well check the centre of the glass about the middle of the lemon twist — now that character is a flasher if there ever was one. See now why the person in the upper cube is so shell-shocked? Or oblivious? In the centre of the glass directly under the 'twist flasher' is the usual assortment of 3 letter ambiguous airbrush 'aphrodisms', SEX SUX FUX. The glass tumbler itself is the shape of a giant nipple (human) and the airbrushed background is highly suggestive of a white woman's breast. There is another phenomenon in this subliminal senario. The fella in the icecube in the bottom right of the glass. Dr. Key explained this presence as voyeur or authoritarian figure. Now, as Bryan Key was pointing him out on the mammoth slide screen in Con hall it suddenly struck both myself and a friend sitting next to me that the face looked very familiar. Indeed the face in this ice cube is a very close resemblance, in fact a good likeness of U. of T. professor Dr. Marshall McLuhan, who not incidentally wrote the introduction to this very book! This, we assume, has yet to be noticed by Dr. Key, however we are sending him a copy of the Herald.



AN INDIS HERALD  
**WALLUP**

Put it up on your wall.  
THE SUBLIMINAL SEDUCTION WALLUP!  
BY LEE TILSON STONEWATER







how one correspondent set out to report on the Skytrain and got railroaded.  
Or

## THE SIDE EFFECTS OF FREDDY'S FLIP

by Foreign Correspondent Eric Rhor

Paris, France special to the Herald.

As you stroll into Freddie Laker's Travel Centre in New York there's a tendency to hold your breath. GULP! There are no reservations taken in advance. Therefore no guarantee of a flight seat until you've bought a ticket. You just show up at 9525 Queensway at 63rd St. beside Alexanders Department Store and inquire with great anticipation whether you can snatch a ride on the new phenomena in transatlantic travel — The Skytrain — New York / London for only 135.00 US.

For this meagre fee you may expect that the no frills service requires passengers to collectively pedal in order to keep the plane aloft. These reasonable rates may conjure up images of a passenger being shot across the Atlantic in a bucket of bolts, launched by a huge sling shot, or you may expect Freddy Laker himself at the controls, sputtering over the Atlantic crewed by his wife and now - union mother - in - law. I'm pleased to announce, contrary to the many strange aberrations that may be produced in ones most budget minded imagination — the Skytrain operates on a genuine, 100 % sure fire DC10 and is flown by a pilot and crew who do these things on a regular big league basis.

One of the strange side effects of flying Laker is you can spend one of those brief, "just long enough" visits to NYC.

I arrived early at Kennedy Airport and took a 10.00 taxi ride that cost 17.00 to the Laker Air Terminal. Included in the charge was an extensive lecture delivered through a mix Puerto - Rican - New York - Nasil Drip accent on "How Not to Get Ripped - Off in a New York Taxi". I either got ripped - off or the lecture was worth the extra 7.00.

As you enter the Skytrain centre one gets the impression of an airport lounge being transported in a banquet hall. The walls are washed in white, a flood of red carpet, with rows of plastic seats arranged symmetrically and the sound of musak in your ears. One immediately saunters up to the lone counter and inquires whether seats are available. I arrived at ten thirty in the morning on the second Wednesday of January (78) and there were still 214 out of a total of 345 seats open. You can now exhale . . . breathout. Whooh! They take your lug-

gage, ask you if you want meals (at three dollars per), tell you about the movie and suggest you be back at 8.00 PM, when a bus will take you to the airport for the flight that leaves at 11.00 PM.

You now proceed to spend the day lost in New York City amidst the Throngs.

Everybody in the big Apple seems drugged either by chemicals or more likely the environment itself. Visiting the place you'd think they were going to war. Everything and everybody operates in a hyped up, cranked up wiped out space. Part of the survival syndrome in New York is just looking tough, so it's advisable to grit your teeth. Also living here you can never expect to make it big unless you have an analyst as part of your personal body armor. Neurosis is still high fashion. Is this the result of a lot of people confined to a small space? Everybody seems to live alone, butnobody can get alone.

Where else can you find a psychiatrist who searches for a spouse by advertising in the Village Voice for an . . . "ATTRACTIVE, SPORTSMINDED WOMAN INTERESTED IN RAISING A FAMILY".

Would this fleeting slice of New York be complete if I didn't point out that there's a new night club (I use the term loosely) for couples only (hetero) called Plato's Retreat — an engaging evening in what may be called an institutionalized orgy 'tightly' controlled at 30.00 a couple, you are apparently free to do anything you want.

Their ads read: "If you haven't been to Plato's, you might as well be living in Kansas".

Back at Laker one gets carted to Kennedy by a bus that is included in the price of the ticket.

My fellow seatmates on the plane are a gentleman from Teaswater Ontario and a young woman from New York. She informed us it was her birthday. No other excuse was necessary. We immediately ordered 10 bottles of Old Crow, bourbon to celebrate. The arrival at Gatwick was a slightly hungover affair some 8 hours later.

For more sober information about the Laker Skytrain Service, just call NY (212) 995-2113.

NEXT ISSUE: HANDY GUIDE  
TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE

ILLUSTRATION BY Courtney



## THE AMAZING ARLISE

The Amazing Arlise, a juggling-unicycling duo who highlighted the Innis College Halloween Party in 1976, have skyrocketed to fame and fortune (???) in the entertainment world while pursuing their studies at the University of Toronto. Ron Dykes, (Innis Pub Staff) and Lee Walker (former member of Innis Women's hockey team and Pub regular), have been developing their circus-cum-cabaret act in conjunction with the larger Aerial Circus, but perform both on and off campus on their own as well. This year they have entertained capacity crowds at such diverse establishments as Cafe Soho, the Fingerboard, Inn on the Park, Sick Children's Hospital and, most recently, the Royal York Hotel. Ron made his television debut with another member of the Aerial Circus Troupe, Tracey Johnston, on the Gene Taylor Show in November.

Ron and Lee began their involvement with the circus world in June of 1976 when a performer with the Circus Circus Revue sustained injuries in an automobile accident. Twink Watson, creator of the Revue, was acquainted with Ron and Lee as amateur unicyclists as a result of a chance meeting in February and the rigging assistance they offered at the U.C. Playhouse in May. Once enlisted the lure of the greasepaint was overpowering. Initially the duo concentrated on developing their unicycle skills and devising innovative routines with which to display them. By the fall of 1976 they had branched out into juggling and had become initiated into aerial work. Ron and Twink are currently teaching a program on circus skills at the North York Y.M.C.A. and Seneca College.

Although the cold weather has restricted the Arlise to indoor activities, their preferred medium is street theatre. This past summer as "Sidewalk Circus" they performed in Ottawa, Montreal, Washington, D.C. and St. Louis. Excerpts from the Ottawa opening, which featured Ron with Roy and Mary Campbell, were relayed by CBC on "Trudeau Meets the Press" in December.

If Doug Waldie can be prevailed upon, and if Innis Pub patrons are prepared for cascading clubs, rings and assorted paraphernalia — the Amazing Arlise may be appearing at an Innis Noon Hour Concert this Spring.

## CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

Now checking pulse. Incredible. Two and a half pieces of toasted danish, most of the caffeine and here I am, in the land of the living, discussing whatever comes into my thinker. Rambling... rambling... The Mad-Mad-Madison... a nice place to... Outside private vehicles augmenting all-night buses, cabs, cops to swell the arteries of the hive... a blood-shot eye peering over Crescent Town's craggy hairline... Poetics coming on... We gather graments, grah change of green stuff, go into the street... Discover that the artery of Woodbine and Danforth contains one TD, one Commerce, one Nova Scotia, one of either Montreal or Royal I can't remember... But it's BANKLAND and amid speculation that it is secretly the economic heart of the hive we traipse wickedly one-lining our way way into the backstreets away from the main vein... Garbage Day tomorrow and the plastics industry licks quivering lips... as Juan Butler once said: "In this futuristic, anarchistic society you envision, who will pick up the garbage? Answer: The Garbagegman". We entertain thoughts of visiting the Valley... It looks a lot like Vinny Ridge for some reason... we piss on it, groovin with nature... Then re-wander-winding our winding wide-eyed way to civilization and anarchy... Cars warming up to the battle like metal muppets

HILTON WASTELAND'S...

MEDIA MERANGUE

growling; others driven maniacally 80km per hr. round right angles by jerks screaming: "Hey! Hop in! Ya Wanna Go To Work? Let's go! I'm just drive this thing, don't ask me where we're going!" We look for Fritz Perls in the garbage bags, look for him in the form of a harking dog at a psychiatrist's convention... Nothing to Report... Nothing to Report.

The day begins.

And all through the night the crazy spectre of a pinball machine, a thoroughly electrified, semi-computerized "Space Avenger" machine, haunting us even now, drawing us back to the comic strips: "Chavez!" we bellow. "Chavez!" we intone. Nothing to do with Mexicans, y'unnerstan. Just a pins machine we played for hours on Yonge previous to copping the food at the Madison, after copping the piss-poor for what it was, drug... in ROY ROGERS (Happy Trails To You...) Ah. Life in anarchy is all knob pushing and button pulling, button holing and knob-bashing, all veins and arteries, swarms of half-cooked bees hussing off to work, and back from work to vanish into phosphor-dot and mega-watt, to submerge in a sea of transistors, capacitors, cathodes, diodes; to, in short, become current.

And remember this for safety's sake. It's not the volts that getcha. It's the amps.





## Letters

### A REPLY FROM THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH

#### TO THE EDITOR

The following is an answer to "Impression of The Lakeshore Psychiatric Hospital", written by Lea Basilij in the December issue of the Innis Herald.

It makes me sad to see that these are the impressions an obviously bright and intelligent young person is left with after working at LSPH. What makes me even sadder, and also angry, is the negative personal bias which obviously influenced her observations. Therefore, what I am left with is a rather prejudiced article reminiscent of "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest". What Lea Basilij so vividly described are difficulties and problems that many of us are

aware of and find frustrating to deal with. Sometimes it feels like walking a tightrope between the interest of the patient, the hospital and the community. However, I found Lea's article so negatively biased that she overlooked the following:

A. The kind of population that we deal with. Many of our patients have nowhere else to turn to but LSPH, or for that matter any of the Ontario Hospitals in which catchment area they happen to live. However, requesting admission does not necessarily imply that a person wants help with the problems they may be experiencing. In cases where admission is requested for a person, the issue of "help wanted" becomes in some cases even more confused and

questionable. In many cases, admission may have been requested if, for the family and or the community the situation has become intolerable. What I am specifically trying to say is that "You can lead a horse to the water, but you cannot force it to drink". The counter argument, as I perceive Lea's article to imply, would be that the institution by its very nature would foster this kind of negative attitude and dependency in the patient to the point of hostility repressed to comply with a situational setting. Chicken-or-egg argument, isn't it? Then it can be asked what kind of person does need or want repeated hospitalizations? Why do people keep coming back? Why did they come in the first place?

B. Also, Lea's article implies that staff ought to be more therapeutic, spend maximum time with each patient, have meaningful interactions with each. In view of the above-mentioned, how many times would you care to run your head against a brick wall? Furthermore in an institution such as this, considering staff patient ratio and especially the way the situation is at present with the government imposing hiring restraints, an ideal situation would humanly not be possible. We are not holy saints; we do err in judgment, and the very fact that we are a part of the human race allows for a limited to amount of giving. To work here means already more than just a job, nor to prove any of the issues she

means a greater and deeper job involvement and commitment than many other jobs would require. It means caring for people. It means understanding people in difficult and troubled times in their lives. It means empathy and concern for what they are going through. Lea may say that this sounds rather nice in theory but is not happening. I have, many times, experienced what I have just talked about. Time after time I have been at staff meetings where the persistent high level of empathy and genuine concern for the patients as expressed by staff working right on the ward, have astounded me. If we see people in our care who are motivated to improve their living situation or to "sort things out and get it together", many staff will bend over backwards to do everything in their ability to provide that extra bit of assistance required, and this does most certainly include meaningful communication between staff and patients. We most certainly attempt to meet all aspects of the needs of people in our care, on a psychological (emotional) and physical level, to the best of our knowledge within the limits as imposed on us.

In conclusion, I would like to clarify that this response was written as an immediate emotional reaction to Lea Basilij's article. I am not at all attempting to debate her observations means already more than just a job, nor to prove any of the issues she

stated be right or wrong. I would just like the reader to take into consideration what I have written, in addition to Lea's article. There actually is so much more that could be said; however, I would like to state just one more item: Lea Basilij failed to mention any practical suggestions she sees as to how we can improve on what presently exists . . . why?

Sincerely,

Brigitta C. Jansen

### INNISPORTS

#### Women's Volleyball

Our team with Nursing has been quite successful. We've had enough bodies, and even won our third game (it took us a while to get warmed up, you see). We'll probably be playing for a few more weeks, so no matter what level of skill you're at, you're welcome to join the fun. Just give me (Ticky) a call at 979-1613. The games will be played on Tuesday nights at the Benson building - more detailed schedules are published Thursdays in the Sportweek magazine.

P.S. All interested spectators are welcome, too. (hint hint) Come give us some moral (and oral?) support.

#### Women's Hockey

By the time this is published, we will have had our first practice (Tuesday, Feb 7 and 9 at Varsity Arena). We're getting it together for the Nummies' game in March. (clarification: The Nummies' game is an annual event at Innis, where the women's hockey team plays against the Nummies' team, which consists of non-hockey-playing men who haven't skated in at least a year and who, prior to the game, have consumed various toxicants to increase their impairment. The women's team can either remain sober or join in the festivities in the pub before the game). If you'd like to be on the women's team, contact Mary Halpin at 924-8927. The men's team is rather ad hoc.

#### Men's Hockey

The Innis II's didn't quite make it into the playoffs, but at least they put up a good fight against the other team - especially in their last game against the Raunch Hogs from Forestry. Innis actually won the game, but because there were all kinds of ringers from the Innis I's (just out of the hell of it), the game was officially a win for the Foresters. The funny thing was that this fact was only revealed in the last ten minutes when some of the Raunch Hogs started to get pretty raunchy and began to chop up the Innis players, frustrated by the losing score. Well, the Innis I's are definitely in the playoffs, holding second place. And our duty as fellow Innisites and as avid hockey enthusiasts is to go out to these playoff games and cheer our team on like all hell. I MEAN IT - WE'VE GOT TO HAVE AN INNIS CHEERING SECTION! Where is the ICKB when we need it?? Oh well, anything that makes a lot of noise will do (eg. Wendy Pickell). Come defend our reputation - or make a new one if you like. But it's time to show our claws, and to help the Innis I's to show theirs. Keep your eyes and ears open for exact game times.

Happy Snow!  
Ticky Piironen

## HOCKEY

by Orphus T. Pucksucker and Old Man Ratelle

## NEWS

## AND

## VIEWS

### LEAFS ARE FALLIN'

Recently we heard the story about the deal that sent Bob "Waldo" Neely, popular Leaf utility player, to the Colorado Rockies. Jim Gregory called Waldo into his office for a talk.

"Bob," he said, "we're sending you to the Rockies." Disheartened, Waldo asked, "Whodjegetferme?" "Well Bob we didn't actually get a player for you," Gregory replied.

"Cash deal eh?" queried Waldo.

"Yes it was a kind of cash deal," answered Gregory.

"Howmujaget?"

"Well," said Gregory, "from now on we only have to pay half your salary."

"Oh," said Waldo.

"You'll get a lot of ice time, Bob."

"Thanks, Mr. Gregory," said Waldo.

We caught the Kladno - Leaf game on the tube. It left a bad smell in my nose.

Pucksucker went into shock when he heard that Borje, Ian, Lanny and Mikey weren't playing. We settled into our seats expecting a shabby entertainment.

In the first period the Czech's starting goalie was injured by a hard shot, but the referee didn't stop the play immediately. The Czechs got the puck into the Leaf end while their goalie floundered like a wounded duck in a swamp. When the Leafs gained possession we hollered for them to shoot. "Their goalie's a Timmy," said Howie.

Play was soon stopped and the injured goalie left the ice. His replacement belly-flopped onto the ice from the bench and the Old Man was heard to say, "They're replacing a cripple with a spastic."

The game wore on and as the Leafs fell behind Pucksucker called for Roger Neilson to pull Kurt Walker in favour of a fifth attacker.

When it was all over we looked at each other. "Who's round?" asked the Old Men.

Howie lurched out of his chair and stumbled to the fridge.

Well it's that time of year again and Leafs are falling. To borrow a phrase from the Tiger: as a hockey team the Leafs are "a few straws short of a bale."

What do they need to be a contender?

A pair of skates with double runners for Jack Valquette?

Negative ions?

A Guy Lafleur quality player? Someone along the lines of Guy Lafleur, MAYBE?

A seeing eye hockey stick for George Ferguson?

Pyramid Power, PERCHANCE?

What the Leafs really need is Santa Claus, Pal Hal won't be outbid for him we hear.

NOTES . . . The milkmen has a new route. He's now in Vancouver where he delivered two goals and two assists in his first game. The Leafs got thirty grand for him . . . It seems that the longer George Ferguson wears number ten, the more he looks Indian. . . . A top scorer on Parliament Hill, Francis Fox, has recently retired from the Ottawa Feds . . . We've heard rumours of a deal among CBCTV announcers that would send Dave Hodge's hair to Red Storey in exchange for the Santa Claus beard and a future sideburn.



The Students' Administrative Council  
announces that

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February 20th, 1978

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**PRESIDENTS**

(on the same ticket)

and

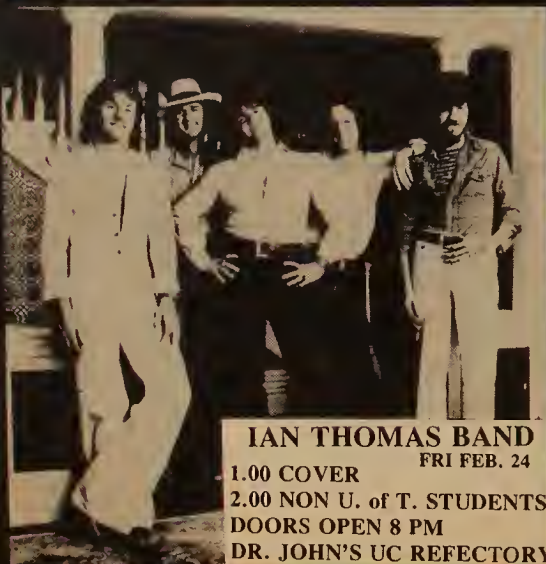
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Nominations close  
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**NORTH BY  
NORTHWEST**

5 PM RM. 292

THURSDAY FEB. 23

ERINDALE COLLEGE

7 PM

FRIDAY FEB. 24

SCARBOROUGH

COLLEGE RM. H216

SATURDAY FEB. 25

MED SCI.

AU DITORIUM

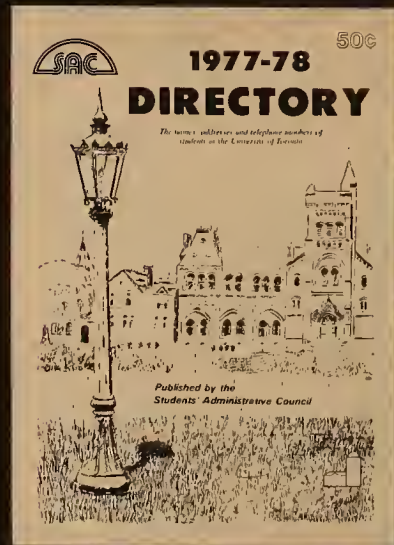
so we  
brought  
it back!



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*"I want you to know, gentlemen, that at this moment I feel I have realized my full potential as a woman."*

## WOMEN IN TRADITIONALLY MALE JOBS

BY LESLIE ROWE

Despite the changing attitudes of the seventies towards the position of women in Canadian society, females are still very much second-class citizens. There have been considerable improvements of course — women who choose not to adopt the roles of wife and mother are no longer regarded as total social deviants, and university-educated career women are certainly increasing in number. Indeed, statistics of women in the work force show a radical augmentation in the last decade and today work outside the home is regarded as acceptable and in many cases, quite necessary.

However, the occupation carried out by the female sector of society are predominantly domestic, secretarial, or clerical. They are the typical 'women's jobs' and are remarkable in their consistency of being those which offer low salaries, menial tasks, and little chance of advancement. It is still the traditional men's jobs that offer a stimulating environment with the opportunity to move up the 'ladder of success'. And although 'men's' blue collar occupations are not necessarily any more interesting than the tedious tasks of typing or cashing-in, they do proffer a salary two to three times that of 'female's' jobs.

Despite the adage of the times; "The best man for the job — may be a woman", there are still very few females in traditionally male occupations. This fact, I believe, is a result of a number of reasons. In my opinion, many men are still quite opposed to the idea of women entering their field. This fact, I believe, is a result of a number of reasons. In my opinion, many men are still quite opposed to the idea of women entering their field. This opposition may derive from insecurities on their part, a belief that females are inferior or belong in the home, or a feeling of competitiveness. This negative attitude is not just voiced by males in the particular occupation, but also by many of the public, and most disturbingly, by other women.

Women have been well socialized into the female mold, we have been raised to believe that we are secondary in importance to men, and that domesticity and motherhood are what really count. The feminine 'virtues' of submissiveness, dependence, passivity, childishness, and non-competitiveness are stressed, and the idea of actually wanting to undertake a 'man's' job implied, in the not too distant past, that you were peculiar, eccentric, and (horrors!) 'masculine'.

Despite these rather depressing remarks, for the purpose of this article I was able to contact and interview several women who presently hold traditional male occupations. As I myself have worked as a groundskeeper for the past two summers, I have found the remarks of my interviewees very interesting, and was able to compare their findings with my own.

The women I questioned included an engineer, letter-carrier, auto-mechanic, college administrator, Anglican curate, and a roofer. A selection of their responses to my questions are as follows:

**Q.** Why did you apply for this job?

**A.** The majority of the women were drawn by the higher wages of a 'male' occupation, the desire to work out of doors, and the preferred status of being their own boss. As the letter carrier stated: "It's a high-paying job and I don't like to take orders from someone, so I thought, O.K. I'll try it. Also I love being outdoors and I really like the contact with the people on the street". I myself decided to apply as a groundskeeper because I felt it would be more interesting than my past summer jobs, and because I dreaded the idea of being cooped up in a building again all summer. Although the auto mechanic's primary reason for entering her field was because of her enjoyment of tinkering with cars, she also believes that there is much more of a future in this occupation than in the clerical work she did for the previous four years. Both the college administrator and the engineer were

propelled by their ambitions of proving their abilities in their field. For example the administrator said that she had never been totally sure that she'd always enjoy just teaching (she graduated from F.E.U.T. last spring) so I jumped at the chance of running the college. "I felt a bit anxious in choosing teaching", she said, "because I knew my self-worth and abilities, but sometimes like to have recognition of that worth. With this job I now have that position of esteem".

**Q.** Do you feel it was more difficult to obtain this job because you were a female?

**A.** While the letter-carrier, engineer, and I (groundskeeper) definitely had the impression that being a woman was to our advantage, the other women implied that their sex made the attainment of their job much more difficult. These latter women can in contact with employers who frankly admit that being a female was a hindrance in terms of their job possibilities, to others who were blatantly amused by the prospect of a female employee.

Those of us who found it easier to enter our occupations because we were women agreed that it was very much a case of being in the right place at the right time. I was first hired in 1975 — International Women's Year — and I strongly believe this fact was influential. The letter-carrier was one of the first female postpersons in downtown Toronto, and was hired, she feels, "because Ottawa was putting pressure on the Toronto postal service as it was one of the few major centres left with no female carriers". The engineer entered her university's engineering department at a time when it was becoming more open to the idea of women moving into technological areas. She stated that, "the reaction of the man who interviewed me was very positive, and from that time on I think it has been easier for me as a woman than if I were a man. You're a token woman in a way".

**Q.** What was the reaction of your fellow workers?

**A.** The findings of the women I interviewed depended very much

on the type of job they held. Generally those in the more 'physical' occupations such as groundskeeping, letter carrying, or roofing found that their co-workers had greeted the idea of working with a female with a certain lack of enthusiasm. This reaction of course varied in degree from job to job, but generally it seemed that the men had originally felt that a female would not be able to handle the work. Five years ago, when the letter carrier was first hired she claimed that her fellow workers could simply not believe their eyes. "I'd be packing my bag", she said, "and hear guys calling to each other, saying 'Oh my God, there's a female!', and I'd look up and there'd be a ring of men peering at me". Fellow workers accept her much more readily today, particularly as she has stuck with the job and is good at it. At the first place where I worked as a groundskeeper I was the first woman ever to be hired by the maintenance department. Despite this fact, the men quickly got over their initial shock, and while they certainly found men atypical and would have been nonplussed to have their wives or daughters working in a 'man's' job, I think they soon got used to, and indeed enjoyed having a female working with them.

The college administrator and engineer did not find any strong reactions from their co-workers about the fact that they were female. The engineer did agree that the construction workers she came into contact with in the field were at first somewhat disconcerted by the fact that she was a

woman, and felt particularly uncomfortable about swearing in front of her. This distinction is not surprising, considering the fact that labourers are often from traditional, patriarchal, European backgrounds. Members of the middle-class Canadian society are perhaps more willing to accept females into their ranks because of our society's changing attitude on women. It is not longer considered acceptable or amusing to be sexist, and therefore many have suppressed these feelings.

**Q.** Do you feel more anxious to do well because you are a woman?

**A.** The majority of the women I questioned did indeed feel this to be the case. Because most of us were one of the first females in our occupation we felt that our performance had to be good for the sake of those that followed. As the letter carrier said to me: "I knew that I was on trial to see if I could handle it, and I felt 'if I don't work out, think of the next woman that's going to try!'".

**Q.** Do you think the way you were raised influenced your choice of occupation?

**A.** Interestingly enough, half of the women I consulted had come from fairly liberal, untraditional families, while the other half had been raised in an extremely traditionally-structured family unit. Those of this latter group were so appalled by the utter subjection of their mothers that they told themselves at a very young age that this was not going to be their lot in life. The letter carrier was particularly disturbed by her mother's subservience to her father. "I wanted to be a man most of my childhood because I felt that women really got the raw end of the deal. If I ought against being a woman, I hated women, I hated what they were, and I thought I'm never going to wait on a man". The auto mechanic was also unsatisfied with the prospects of stepping into her mother's mold and ran away from home at an early age. "I've always had something in me that gives me the nerve to do what I want, my family situation really put me off the idea of being a housewife and mother for the rest of my life".

What I found less surprising was that a number of the women had come from homes that had stressed "being a person" first. The college administrator told me, for example, that her parents had always strongly believed in her abilities and encouraged her to get into one of the professions. She also said that her mother influenced her with the belief that "a woman should have a career because men in the end are not always reliable. You cannot depend on a man the rest of your life, you have to be your own person". The engineer too felt that she had been raised and conditioned in a completely different way. "We were never brought up", she stressed, "having to do the washing-up and housework because we were female — we all had to help out, including my father. My parents thought it just terrific that I went into engineering, I simply didn't have to fight at all — everything came very easily. So I've never been able to understand why other women don't try too — but of course it's just a matter of realizing that they weren't encouraged in the same way".





## The Politics of Animal Experimentation

The following book review was originally published in the *Varsity* March 24, 76. It is being featured again in the *Herald* as part of a present attempt to organize an anti-vivisection (experimentation on live animals) group on this campus. Anyone who is disturbed by the use of live animals in experiments and research is urged to call 960-3593 to discuss the issue and/or participate in this effort.

The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is for

good men to do nothing!

On the subject of animal experimentation public ignorance is appalling. Scant feet away from the burring forms of day to day living are scenes of horror to which only the initiated, are exposed. In countless university basement rooms inaccessible to the general public the bodies of living animals are daily subjected to abominable tortures in the name of science, instruction or service.

In an effort to get closer to what was going on I explored several familiar campus buildings. What I saw in the bowels of the Ramsey Wright Building is typical: a corridor of all sealed doors barring darkened rooms filled

with the sound of murmuring machines. White coated technicians burried by silently, bearing trays of bizarre looking instruments. At the end of the hall I was met by the No Entry sign which prevented further investigation. Beyond the double barred doors stood stacks of cages, boxes, mysterious devices; the accoutrements of the trade, trappings of atrocity in the day to day business of live animal study.

To the sensitive observer it was a scene from a concentration camp nightmare. In fact it is a routine part of day to day life at the University of Toronto.

LISA VOLKOV

## animal torture

in a recent report Amnesty Besides being divided from International, an organization people, animals have been dedicated to the alleviation of divided into classes which unjust torture and im- correspond to the classes of prisonment suffered by innocent people who are allowed to abuse victims asserted that, at them in varying degrees. Pets, present, to the extent of their the darling playthings and faith- knowledge, Canada and the ful companions of human in- United States do not practise dividuals, domestic adjuncts as torture within their boundaries. it were, are protected by Their statement was grossly minimal laws pushed for by inaccurate. Every day, in the apolitical Humane societies. name of science, sentiment, Farm and lab animals are in an intelligent individual beings are arbitrarily separate category, routinely subjected to torture, designated as such by human Because they do not speak the market interests. These beings dominant language, they cannot have virtually no 'protection' protest their treatment. and are subject to unlimited use.

How is it that their plight goes? Singer thinks that our overlooked by many of the most precession of animals is per- adent social humanitarians? putated by habit. We have all Author Peter Singer provides been taught from earliest the answer. They are victims of childhood to regard other what may be called speciesism animals as being subject to our — a prejudice . . . toward the needs and pleasures, from interests of members of one's consumption of their dead own species and against those bodies as meat to the use of their members of other species' living bodies to test cosmetics. A (p.7).

The book in which Singer these habits be changed. explains and attacks speciesism Chapter two is titled 'Tools for and the abuses that result from Research — or what the public it is Animal Liberation, A New doesn't know it is paying for.' In Ethics for Our Treatment of it Singer goes on to document, Animals (The New York most frequently in the form of Review, N.Y., N.Y. 1975). It is a the scientist's own dispassionate landmark work. In the field of report, the atrocities that go on liberation movements; a non- in the name of testing and alarmist, self-evident in research.

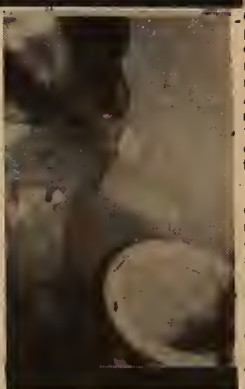
dictment of the atrocities If any who read this chapter human society regularly believed before that there were practices on the whole category legal limits to the amount of of beings designated, as non-suffering that animals can be human. Although examples of made to endure, be advised that this mistreatment include fur-torture inflicted regularly on trapping and raising, wild animals stops at nothing. The animal 'harvesting', cosmetic Canadian Animal For Research extractions and, of course the Act states that cruel and painful consequences of the 'expansion experimentation is not justified of man's sterile concrete unless it is necessary for the dominion over the globe.' Singer experiment. The clause is a narrows his attack in this catch 22. In the words of Richard particular book to the two most Ryder, a British psychologist: widespread and large-scale . . . In other words, the principal abuses of animals — intensive loophole in this law (the British) factory farming (the source of as in all equivalent laws in other most of our meat today) and countries. Is simply, that, animal experimentation. For although painful experiments the purposes of this article: are technically only allowed if review, I will discuss only the they are "necessary", the latter, necessity itself is rarely, if ever, questioned . . .

Singer suggests that 'speciesism', the prejudice that it is a self-evident result. If the makes 'other' animals the pain were not a part of the ex- tinctives of the human beings' permit, it would never have every whim and caprice, is as been inflicted.

The agonies imposed on as racial or sexual prejudice. animals by experimentation Like these varieties of include, in the account of the prejudice, it is an example of the book, starving (including arbitrary drawing of boundaries starving to death), water between the in and out groups, deprivation (to the point of be they interracial, sexual or animal.

Like the early proponents of any new liberation movement, animal liberation advocates can, expect their share of ridicule and dismissal.

But Singer also decries the sentimental objections of some so called 'animal lovers': the person who 'adores' puppies but wears a fur coat, or the public appeasement that results when mice are substituted for beagles in a cruel and lethal poison gas experiment. Discrimination among animals in favour of those who are 'cute' reveals a patronizing, degrading attitude.



Singer does. What animal experiments, if any, are justified? Singer relates examples of uncounted trivial and unnecessary experiments conducted for every reason from rights' to the testing of cosmetics, and

detergents, to classroom teaching demonstrations, these Singer stresses that by equal subject and student ex- rights he means equal right of perimentation, to experiments consideration. Acknowledging that differences exist between undertaken with the only ob- species does not justify jective being 'to see what will happen' (the 'free Inquiry', as disregarding the rights of non- opposed to the applied, method human animals. The possession of different qualities should not automatically lead to the of scientific exploration). In the fast case, the spirit of 'the pursuit of knowledge' has ascription of differing 'quality'. resulted in the subjection of Difference in type does not living animals to incredible immediately mean a difference suffering. As Singer points out, in value.

An example proves the fallacy of the 'equal weight' argument. 'Intelligence' is most often the quality by which human-animal distinctions are made. If this is a valid justification to use, why is it considered outrageous to practice cruel experiments on brain damaged infants? As Singer points out, many normal experimental animals, in- animals. Most experiments test- including apes and dogs, are more the glut of new products un- intelligent, more independent, necessarily introduced into a more aware of self, more social, capitalist market in which more have more social attachments, products are sold as 'new and more 'developed' than many improved' in an effort to boost brain damaged (let us say or- sales. Most of these new sub- phaned) human infants.

stances are unnecessary and The reason the using of even environmentally humans is at least ostensibly dangerous artificial products, taboo in this country (as it Each testing of a new product certainly should be) while the results in the painful deaths of using of any animal is not hundreds of animals, besides (which is not as it should be), is, contaminating the human en- again, speciesism, environment.

What about alternate, non- In other words, the proof of animal methods of testing? Why equal nature should not be a aren't they being developed and prerequisite for equal merit, used as rapidly as our present? "The interests of every being state of technology should affected by an action are to be allow?

The reasons given by Singer and others include suggestions (this one given by a scientist himself) that (1) scientists don't keep up with the journals, don't know about the latest methods (is ignorance an excuse?), (2) International lab suppliers and research organizations and lobbies make it their practice, in the interests of profit and research money investment to push and protect this form of experimentation. (Once again, market economy supersedes moral considerations.); and (3) Most significantly, scientists do not look for alternatives "Simply because they do not care enough about the animals they are using." (P.83).

One might well wonder at the detached attitude of the researcher. Singer himself does not regard the researcher as sadist, but rather as a well trained professional technician in an amoral technocracy.

Singer's recommendation for experimental reform rests upon the realization that a great deal of abuse can be eliminated even before subtle, hair-splitting argument regarding the relative equation of 'the more human lives saved if animals die' variety ever becomes a con- sideration.

When the issue of 'animal rights' is brought up, many people laugh. Are dogs to be

Lisa Volkov



These fake foods, of course, are full of chemical additives. Flavors are changed. Colors are added and perishable foods are preserved to last indefinitely. Careful reading of the fine print will usually tell you what chemicals you will be eating, if you get to see the labels. But all additives are not always listed on the label. Canadian food laws exempt a wide variety of



**Armour Sir Broil.**

The low-cost answer to the high cost of steak.

At last! A meat product that's so tender, so juicy, so delicious, you can afford to eat it every day. And for those who prefer a little more variety, Armour Sir Broil is available in a variety of cuts, including Sirloin, Tenderloin, and Rump. All of these cuts are available in a variety of sizes, from 1 lb. to 10 lbs. So you can buy just what you need for your family. And for those who prefer a little more variety, Armour Sir Broil is available in a variety of cuts, including Sirloin, Tenderloin, and Rump. All of these cuts are available in a variety of sizes, from 1 lb. to 10 lbs. So you can buy just what you need for your family.

in Loblaw stores for an example. Recently, Stephen Lewis, NDP leader in Ontario, asked the Ontario Minister of Consumer and Commercial Relations the following rhetorical question: "Is the minister aware that Loblaw's said they had to raise the price of bread because of the increased cost to the supplier, the supplier being Weston's which owns Loblaw's - as the minister knows?"

"Weston's said it had to raise the price because of the increased costs to its suppliers for milk and sugar," the suppliers for Weston's are Donlands and Royal Dairy and West Cane Sugar, all owned by Weston's."

"Weston's then said that the flour had gone up from their suppliers, the suppliers being McCarthy Mill of Streetsville and Soo Line of Winnipeg, both wholly-owned subsidiaries of Weston's."

"They then said that the distribution costs were going up which would require an increase in bread and the distributors involved were National Grocers and York Trading, both subsidiaries of the Weston empire."

Clearly, Weston's is trying to place the blame for rising prices on their suppliers - but they own their suppliers. Their control over all phases of both production and distribution makes them responsible for higher food prices.

We already know about our rising food prices, but let's look at their profit increases from 1972 to 1973:



**Whitewash expert?**

Beryl Plumpre changed jobs from the Food and Prices Review Board to the Anti-Inflation Review Board without changing views. During her previous tenure she shadow-bossed the food chains who seem to have survived - profits and all - her pulled punches. In her new job, as in her old, she affirms that food profits were not the "elusive villain" to blame for skyrocketing food prices.

**Ice-cream for dessert?**

Ice-cream used to be a nutritious. *Anethole*—Also called p-propenyl-phenol, a food containing fresh anise, is the chief constituent of anise, star anise and fennel oils and eggs. As is the case with many other among other uses, it is a flavoring agent. It is normally a conglomerate of chemicals and synthetic flavorings. According to the Department of Biochemistry at McMaster University, it is presumed legal that artificial ice-cream be permitted to contain: *Propylene glycol*—used in Anatto nitrocellulose, varnishes, lacquers and color which is used to color butter and acrylonitrile and dairy products including ice-cream. It is also used as a flavor and artificial leather, photographic films and essences carrier.

*Acetic acid*—Once it is added to fume and cleaning textiles, etc., something else it is no longer glacial vapours are irritating to mucous membranes. Prolonged inhalation is used as a pH adjusting agent. *Diuretic*—Also known as 2,3 butane-1,2-dione, is a carrier of the aroma of butter, vinegar, coffee and other it is safe to say however, that ice-cream has none.

IF YOU ARE TENSE OR DISTRAUGHT THERE IS ONE SURE WAY TO FEEL BETTER—



SIMPLY LIE WITH YOUR HEAD IN YOUR WATER DISH!



THIS IS HUSHED UP OF COURSE BECAUSE IT WOULD COMPLETELY RUN THE DRUG COMPANIES!



**Drug firms accused of prodding anxieties**

The "attorneys-general of 17 on television is cigarettes, and this prohibition is the result of a law approved by Congress and not a rule adopted by the FCC."

"The simple fact is that our broadcast media and advertisers are continually creating a new demand for drugs which heretofore have not generally been recognized as needed by the consuming public," the petition contended.

"We now have drugs for new illnesses such as sleepless nights, tiredness, anxiety from traffic jams, nervous irritability and fatigue. Increasingly, children and adults alike are bombarded with advertisements that present drugs as a cure-all to the tensions and problems of everyday life."

The prosecutors quoted the analysis of Dr. Arthur A. Berger, California State University, who said the advertisements stimulated anxiety fears and then offered a solution to them through the consumption of various drugs.

The only product now legitimized prohibited from being advertised

**TRY THIS ONE ON FOR SIZE**

problem child or child with a problem?

**PROBLEMAKER:** Do you really believe this? A pill for a kid who shoots spitballs?

Or this... a pill for a kid who picks over his vegies.

**atarex**

PROBLEM CHILD? PRO-FIT POTENTIAL!

**PROBLEMAKING DRUGS**

In Canada as in the U.S., doctors as well as the public are bombarded with high-pressure magazine or TV ads extolling the virtues of endless new drugs cooked up in the kitchens of the drug corporations. Many of these drugs remain inadequately tested and may cause severe damage to the public whom the drug merchants use as trusting guinea pigs. Typical of drug ads is this one appearing in the Canadian Medical Association Journal.



**Food Color Added**

Green or oranges may legally be dyed to appear ripe, using a coal-tar-based food color known as Citrus Red #2, the once-common practice of stamping "Food Color Added" on each orange when it was dyed has pretty much disappeared now. The United Nation's Food and Agriculture Organization and the World Health Organization warned in 1969 that "Citrus Red #2" had been shown to have carcinogenic activity (that is, it may cause cancer). While it is true that the dye, primarily used by Florida orange growers (from October through December), does not penetrate beyond the orange peel, the orange skin should however never be sucked or grated for use in baking.

Fresh fruits and vegetables can be waxed or coated in mineral oil, and cheese proactively waxed. Root crops, such as potatoes, carrots and onions can be treated with anti-sprouting agents. A small amount of chlorotetracycline, an antibiotic sold by prescription under the trade name *Amurmyrin* can be added to raw fish, frozen fruit, eggs, and a wide variety of preserved meat or fish. Frozen fruit, eggs, and even beer and wine, without being mentioned on the label. Artificially, does not have to be listed when it is used in bakery products, confectionery, ice cream, ice milk, sherbert, soft drinks, flavored milk, or alcoholic beverages. Candy can even be polished with shellac. That's right, shellac. The law

food products from indicating certain additives. The presence of food color, for example, does not have to be indicated when it is used in bakery products (except brown bread), butter, cheese, confectionaries, grain desserts, ice cream, ice milk, iced sugar, liqueurs and cordials, sherbert, smoked fish, soft drinks, or flavored milk drinks. Any of these products may be, and often are, colored, with nothing to let even the most discriminating consumer know.

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# LAW

## SPREADING AND SEEPING

into ever more aspects of life as civility, trust, and community

**DISAPPEAR**

Litigation used as a

# SUBSTITUTE FOR POLITICS

## LAW PROFESSORS UNCERTAIN

about the worth of a legal education.

Law thought of as

## ONE ELEMENT OF POWER

on a par with any other.

Many people deciding that the claim of the law to  
honesty, integrity and nentrality is

# FALSE

## IS IT ANY WONDER THAT THE PUBLIC SENSES TROUBLE IN THE LAW?

AN ILLUSION  
**WALLUP**

Put it up on your wall